

THE Dutch Courtezan.

AS

IT WAS PLAYD IN THE
Blacke-Friars, by the Children
of her Maiesties Reuels.

VVritten

BY IOHN MARSTON.



AT LONDON,

Printed by T. P. for *John Hodgets,*
and are to be sould at his shop in
Paules Church-yard. 1605.

THE
Dutch Courtesan.

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Prologue.

SLight haffie labours in this easie Play,
Present not what you would, but what we may:
For this vouchsafe to know the onely end
Of our now studie is, not to offend.
Yet thinke not, but like others raile we could,
(Best art Presents, not what it can, but should)
And if our pen in this seeme ouer slight,
We striue not to instruct, but to delight,
As for some few, we know of purpose here
to taxe, and scowr: know firme art cannot feare
Vaine rage: onely the higheff grace we pray
Is, you'le not taxe, vntill you iudge our Play.
Thinke and then speake: tis rashnesse, and not wit
To speake what is in passion, and not iudgement fit:
Sit then, with faire expectance, and suruay
Nothing but passionate man in his slight play,
Who hath this onely ill: to some deem'd worst,
A modest diffidence, and selfemistrust.

Fabule argumentum.

THe difference betwixt the loue of a Curtezian, & a wife, is
the full scope of the Play, which intermixed with the de-
ceits of a wittie Citie Iester, fills vp the Comedie.

Dramatis personæ.

Francischina

A Dutch Curtezan.

Mary Faugh

An old woman.

Sir Lionell Freeuill

Two old Knights

Sir Hubert Subboys

Sir Lion: Sonne.

Young Freeuill

Sir Huberts Daughters.

Beatrice

Crispinella

Their Nurse.

Putifer

A blunty Gallant.

Tysfew

A prattling Gull.

Caquetteur

Young Freeuills unhappie friend.

Malheureux

A knaughtly witty City companion.

Cocledemoy

A Winner.

Maister Mulligrub

His wife.

Mistresse Mulligrub

A Goldsmith.

Maister Burnish

His man.

Lionell

A Barbers boy.

Holifernes Rainf-cure

Three Watchmen

Three Watchmen



THE

Dutch Curtezan.

Actus primi, Scena prima.

Enter 3. Pages with lightes. *Mulligrubb, Freemile, Malbeuere,*
Tisefen. & Caquetur.

Freemile.



Ay comfort my good host *Sharke*, my good
Mulligrubb.

Adal. Advance thy snout, doe not suffer thy
 sorrowful nose to droppe on thy spanish leather
 ierkin, most hardly honest *Mulligrubb.*

Free. What, cogging *Cocledemoy* is runne a-
 way with a nest of goblets, - true, what then? they will be ham-
 merd out well enough, I warrant you.

Mull. Sure, some wise man would finde them out presently.

Free. Yes sure, if we could finde out some witeman presently:
Adal. How was the plate lost? how did it vanish?

Free. In most sincere prose thus: that man of much money,
 some witte, but lesse honestie, cogging *Cocledemoy*, comes this
 night late into mine hostes *Mulligrubs* Taverne heere, calls for
 a roome, the house being full, *Cocledemoy* consorted with his sto-
 neable charge, his instrument of fornication, the bawde Mrs.
Mary Fangh, are imparlarde next the streete, good poultrie was

Adal. I see their

*Time of
 diffidence
 habere
 ungata*

THE DUTCH CORTESAN.

their foode, blackbird, Larke, woodcocke, and mine hoast here, comes in, cryes God blesse you, and departes: A blinde Harper enters, craues audience, vncafeeth, playes, the Drawer for female priuatenes sake is nodded out, who knowing that whosoeuer will hit the mark of profit, must like those that shoot in stone-bowes winke with one eye, growes blind a the right side and. departs.

Caque. He shal answer for that winking with one eye at the last day.

Mal. Let him haue day till then, and he will winke with both his eyes.

Free. *Cocledemoy* perceiuing none in the roome but the blind Harper, (whose eyes heauen had shut vp, from beholding wickednesse,) vnclaspes a casement to the street very patiently, pockers vp his bowles vnnaturally, thrustes his wench forth the window, and him selfe most preposterously with his heeles forward followes, the vnseeing Harper playes on, bids the empty dishes and the treacherous candles much good do them. The Drawer returns, but out alas, not onely the dishes, but also the heast of goblets were flowne away, Laments are raise.

Tysep. Which did not pierce the heauens.

Free. The Drawers gone, mine hoast doth crye, the bowles

Mal. *Hic finis Priami.* (are gone.

Mal. Nay, be not iaw-falne, my most sharking *Maligrub.*

Free. Tis your iust affliction, remember the finnes of the fel-lar, and repent, repent.

Mal. I am not iaw-falne, but I will hang the con-catching *Cocledemoy*, and theres an end of it.

Cac. Is it a right stone, it shewes well by candlelight.

Free. So doe many thinges that are counterfeite, but I assure you this is a right Diamond.

Cac. Might I borrow it of you, it will not a litle grace my finger in visitation of my Mistresse.

Free. Why vse it most sweet *Caqueture*, vse it.

Caca. Thankes good Sir, tis growne high night: Gentles rest to you.

Tysep. A torch, found wench, lost sleepe, and sanguine dreames to you both on boy.

Free. Let me bid you good rest.

THE DUTCH COURTEZAN

Mal: Not so trust me, I must bring my friend home: I dare not giue you vp to your owne companie, I feare the warmth of wine and youth will draw you to some Common house of lasciuious entertainment.

Free: Most necessarie buildings *Malbewem* euer since my intention of Marriage, I doe pray for their continuance.

Mal: Lou'd Sir, your reason?

Free: Marry least my house should be made one: I would haue married men loue the Srewes, as Englishmen lou'd the low Countreys: with war should be maintain'd there, least it should come home to their owne dores: what, suffer a man to haue a hole to put his head in, though hee goe to the Pillorie for it: Youth and Appetite are about the Clubbe of *Hercules*.

Mal: This lust is a most deadly sinne sure.

Free: Nay, tis a most liuely sinne sure.

Mal: Well I am sure, tis one of the head finnes.

Free: Nay, I am sure it is one of the middle finnes.

Mal: Pitie, tis growne a most dayly vice.

Free: Pitye more mightily wee, I assure you.

Mal: Well, tis a sinne.

Free: I or else few men would wish to go to Heauen, to disguise with my friend, I am now going the way of it.

Mal: Not so a Courtezian.

Free: A courteous one.

Mal: What to a sinne?

Free: A venie Publican.

Mal: Deere my lou'd friend, let mee bee full with you. Know Sir, the strongest argument that speaks Against the Soules eternitie is lust. These Wisewans folly, and the fooles wisdom: But to grow wild in loose pleasures, Open vp to heat, and carnall Appetite: Nay to expell your health, and strength, and waste Your precious time, and with that time the hope Of due preferment aduantageous means Of any worthy end to the State.

The common bolome of a money Courtezian.

One that sell his honour for a little gold.

Free: Alas good creature, what would you haue the

THE DUTCH COURTEZAN.

would you haue them get their liuing by the curse of man, the sweat of their browes? so they doe, euerie man must follow his trade, and euerie woman her occupation: a poore decayed mechanicall mans wife, her husband is layd vp, may not she lawfully be layd downe, when her husbands onely rising, is by his wifes falling? a Captaines wife wants meanes, her Commander lyes in open field abroad, may not she lye in ciuile armes at home. A waighting Gentlewoman that had wont to take say to her Lady, miseries, or so: the Court misfortune throwes her downe, may not the Citie curtesie take her vp? doe you know no Alderman would pitie such a womans case: why is charity growne a sinne, or releeuing the poore and impotent an offence? You will say beasts take no money for their fleshly entertainment: true, because they are beasts, therefore beastly, onely men giue to people, because they are men, therefore manly: and in deede, wherein should they bestow their money better? In Land, the title may be crackt: In Houses, they may bee burnt: In apparell, it will weare: In wine, alas for pittie our throate is but short: But employ your money vpon women, and a thousand to none, some one of them will bestow that on you, which shall last by you as long as you liue: they are no mercenary persons, they will giue quite for quo: do ye protest, they le sweare, doe you rise, they le fall, doe you fall, they le rise, do you giue them, the french Crowne, they le giue you the french: They sell their bodies: doe not better persons sell their soules? nay, since all things haue been sold, honor, iustice, faith: nay, even God himselfe: Aye me, what base ignoblenesse is it, to sell the pleasure of a wanton bed.

Why doe men scrape, why heape to full heapes ioyne. But for his Mistresse, who would care for coyne.

For this I hold to be deny'd of no man.

All things are made for man, and man for woman, giue me my

Male: Of all you merite well: my hearts good friend.

Leane yet at length, at length, for know this euer

Tis no such sinne to erre, but to perseuer.

Free: Beautie is womans vertue, loue the lifes Monique: and woman the dainties or second course of heauens curious workmanship, since then beauty loue and woman are good, how can

THE DUTCH COURTEZAN

the loue of womans beavty be bad: and, *Bonum quod communi-
co melius*, will then goe with me?

Mal: Whether?

Free: To a house of saluation.

Mal: Saluation?

Free: Yes: I will make thee repent. wilt goe to the family of
loue? I will shew thee my creature: a pretty nimble eyed Dutch
Tansie. An honest soft-hearted impropriation, a soft plump, round
cheeked face, that has beavty inough, for her vertue, vertue enough
for a woman, and woman enough for any reasonable man in my
knowledge: wilt passe a long with me?

Mal: What to a Brothell, to behold an impudent prostitution
on? I shall hate the whole sex to see her: the most odious
spectacle the earth can present, is an imodeest vulgar woman.

Free: Good still: my braine shall keep to you must goe as you
loue me.

Mal: Well: He goe to make her loath the shame shee's in.
The sight of vice augments the love of shame.

Free: The sight of vice augments the hate of sinne, very fine
reason. *Some Seconds.*

Enter Cocledeus, and Mary Faugh.

Cocle: Mary, Mary Faugh.

Mary: How?

Cocle: Come my worshipfull Rector, Rector, Rector, Band, my
blew tooth'd Patrones of naturall wickedness, glue me the
goblets.

Mary: By yea, and by nay, master Cocledeus, I feare you'll
play the knave and restore them.

Cocle: No by the Lord Am, Restitution is Catholique and
thou know'st weloue.

Mary: What?

Cocle: Oracles are seald: *Tempus pretentum*, do'st heare my
worshipfull glisterpipe, thou yngodly fyer that burnt *Diana*
Tampe, do'st heare Band,

Mary: In very good truthnes you are the foulest mouth'd
prophaine railing Brother, call a woma the most yngodly names:
I must confesse we all eate of the forbidden fruite, and for mine

THE DUTCH CORTIZAN

owne part tho I am one of the family of lone and as they say a bawd that couers the multitude of finnes, yet I trust I am none of the wicked that eate fish a Fridaies.

Cocle: Hang toastes, I raile at thee my worshipfull organ bellows that fills the pipes, my fine ratling fleamy cough a the lunges and cold with a Pox, I raile at thee what my right pretious pandres supportres of *Barber Surgeons* and, inhauntres of *latines* and dyes drinke: I raile at thee necessary damnation, He make an oration, I, in praise of thy most courtly in fashion, and most pleasureable function. I

Mar: I prethee do, I lone to heare my selfe prais'd, as well as any old Ladie.

Cocle: *Little Mary*, a Bawd, first for her profession or vocation is is most worshipfull of all the 12. Companies, for as that trade is most honorable that sells the best comōdities, as the Draper is more worshipfull then the poyntmaker, the silkeman more worshipfull then the Draper, and the Goldsmith more honorable then both, *Little Mary*, so the Bawd above all, her shop has the best ware, for where she sell but clothe, fardness, and Jewels, she sells diuine vertues as virginitic, modestie and such rare Lemmes, and those not like a petty chapman, by retaile, but like a great marchant by whole sale, *yea, he, he,* and who are her customers, not base corn cutters, or sowgelders, but most rare wealthie Knights, and most rare bountifull Lordes are her customers: *Alas,* what a trade or vocation profiteth, but by the tosse and displeasure of another, as the Merchant thrives not but by the licentiousnes of giddie, and vnsetled youth: the Lawyer, but by the vexation of his client: the Physicion, but by the maladies of his patient, onely my smother gumbde Bawd liues by others pleasure, and onely grows rich by others rising: O mercifull gaine, O righteous in-come. So much for her vocation, trade and life, as for their death, how can it bee bad, since their wickednesse is alwayes before their eyes, and a deathes head most commonly in their middle finger. To conclude, if most certaine they must needs both liue well, and dye well, since most commonly they liue in *Stewkes-well* and dye in *Archer-hall*. *Dixie Mary* say some time more a little touching gallie on the one side and on the other side of the forbidden fruit and for mine

THE DUTCH COVETISEAN

Enter Freewill and Malcontent.

Fre. Come along, yonders the preface or exordium to my wench, the bawde: Fetch, fetch. What *M. Cocledemoy*, is your knaueshippe yet stirring, looke to it, *Malcontent* lyes for you.

Enter Cocledemoy.

Cocl. The more foole he, I can lye for my selfe, worshipfull friend, hang toastes, I vannah. Ha my fine boy thou art a scholar, and hast read *Tullies Offices*, my fine knaue, hang toastes.

Fre. The Vintner will toast you and he catch you.

Cocl. I will draw the Vintner to the stoope, and when he runs low tilt him, ha my fine knaue, are going to thy recreation.

Fre. Yes my capricious raskall.

Cocl. Thou wilt looke like a foole then by and by.

Fre. Looke like a foole why?

Cocl. Why according to the old saying, A begger when he is lowsing of himselfe looks like a Philosopher, a hard bound Philosopher, when he is on the stoole, looks like a tyrant, and a wise man, when he is in his belly set, looks like a foole, God give your worship good rest, grace and mercy keepe your *Synne* straight, and your *Latins* vnspile.

Enter Franciske.

Fre. See, Sir this is she.

Mal. This?

Fre. This.

Mal. A Curtesane? Now cold bloud defend me, what a proportion afflicteth me?

Fre. O mine aderliuer loue, vat fall me do to requit dis your mustr affection.

Fre. Marry salute my friend, clippe his necke, and kisse him welcome.

Fre. A mine art, Sir you bin very welcome.

Fre. Kisse her man with a more famaliar affection, so, come what entertainment, goe to your Lute. *Exit Fre.*

And how dost approue my sometimes electedness none of your ramping Cannibals, that deuoure mas flesh, nor any of your cur-tian gulfes, that will neuer be satisfied, vntill the best thing a man

THE PITCH PURSUIT

has be throwne into them. I lou'd her with my heart, vntill my soule shewed me the imperfection of my body, and placed my affection on a lawfull one, my modest *Beatrice*, which if this short heeles knew, there were no being for mee with eyes before her face. But faith, dost thou not somewhat excuse my sometimes incontinency with her enforciue beauties. Speake.

Ma. Hah, she is a whore, is she not?

Free. VVhore? he whore? you may call her a *Curtizan*, a *Cocatrice*, or (as that worthy spirite of an eternall happinesse saide) a *Suppositarie*, but whore? he: tis not in fashion to call thinges by their right names, is a great marchant, a coockold, you must say, he is one of the liuery, is a great Lord, a foole, you must say, he is weake, is a gallant pocky, you must say, he has the court skab, come shees your mistresse or so?

Enter Francischina with her Lute.

Come Syren your voice.

Fran. Vill not you stay in mine bosome to night loue?

Free. By no meanes sweet breast, this Gentleman has vowde to see me chaffly layde.

Fran. He shall haue a bedde too, if dat it please him.

Free. Peace you tender him offence, hee is one of a professed abstinence, Syren your voyce and away.

She singes to her Lute.

The Song.

The darke is my delight,

So tis the Nightingales.

My Musicke's in the night,

So is the Nightingales.

My body is but little,

So is the Nightingales.

I loue to sleepe gainst prickle,

So doth the Nightingale.

Thankes, Bussie, so the night grows old good roose.

THE DUTCH COURTEZAN.

Fran. Rest to mine deare loue, rest, and no long absence.

Free. Beleeue me not long.

Fran. Sall Ick not beleeue you long. *Exit Francischina.*

Free. O yes, come viah, away, boy, on. *Exit his Page lighting him*

Enter Frewill and seemes to overheare Malheureus.

Mal. Is she vnchast, can such a one be damde?

O loue and beautie, yee two eldest seedes
Of the vast Chaos, what strong right you haue,
Euen in thinges diuine, our very soules.

Free. Wha, ha, ho, come bird come, stand peace.

Mal. Are strumpets then such things, so delicate,
Can custome spoile, what nature made so good.

Or is their Custome bad? Beauti's for vse,

I neuer saw a sweet face vicious,

It might be proud, inconstant, wanton, nice,

But neuer tainted with ynnaturall vice.

Their worst is, their best art is loue to winne,

O that to loue should be or shame, or sinne;

Free. By the Lord hee's caught, Laughter eternall?

Mal. Soule I must loue her destiny is weake to my affection.

A common loue, blush not faint breast

That which is ouerloued of most is best,

Let colder eld the strongest objections moue,

No lou's without some lust, no life without some loue.

Free. Nay come on good sir, what though the most odious
spectacle the world can present be an imodeest vulgar woman:

Yet sir for my sake,

Mal. Well sir for your sake Ile thinke better of them.

Free. Doe good sir and pardon me that haue brought you in
You knowe the sight of vice augments the hate of sinne.

Mal. Hah? will you go home sir 'tis hye bed time,

Free. Withall my hart sir only do not chide me
I must confesse.

Mal. A wanton louer you haue been.

Free. O that to loue should be or shame, or sinne.

Mal. Say yee?

THE DUTCH COURTEZAN

Free. Let colder eide the strongst obiections mooue.

Mal: Howe's this?

Free: No loue's without some lust,
No life without some loue,
go your wayes for an Apostata, I beleue my cast garment must be
let out in the seames for you when all is done,
,, Of all the fooles that would all man out-thrust,
,, He that 'gainst Nature would seeme wise is worst.

Exeunt.
Finis Actus Primi.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Ereenile, pages with torches, and gentlemen with musicke.

Free: The morne is yet but younge: here gentlemen,
This is my *Beatrice* window, this the chamber
Of my betrothed dearest, whose chaste eyes,
Full of lou'd sweetnesse, and cleare cherefulness,
Haue gag'd my soule to her in ioyings,
Shredding away all those weake vnder-branches
Of base affections, and vnfruitfull heares,
Here bestow your musick to my voyce.

Enter Beatrice above.

Alwaies a vertuous name to my chaste loue,

Bea: Lou'd sir the honor of your wish returne to you,
I cannot with a mistres complement
Forced discoulties, or nice art of wit,
Gine entertaine to your deere wished presence,
But safely thus, what hartty gratefulnes,
Vnsulleine Silence, vnaffected modesty,
And an vnignorant shamesfastnes can expresse,
Receiue as your protested due. Faith my hart,
I am your seruant,
O let not my secure simplicity, breed your dislike,
As one quite voyde of skill,
Tis Grace inough in vs not to be ill,
I can some good, and faith I mean no hurt,
Do not then sweete wrong sober ignorance,
I iudge you all of vertue, and our vowes,

should

THE DUTCH COURTEZAN.

Should kill all feares that base distrust can moue,
my soule what say you, still you loue?

Free: Still? my vowe is vp about me, & like time
Irrevocable. I am sworne all yours,
No beauty shall vntwine our armes, no face.

In my eyes can or shall seeme faire,
And would to God only to me you might
Seeme only faire; let others disesteeme
Your matchles graces: so might I safer seeme,
Enuie I couet not: far, far be all ostent
Vaine boasts of beauties: soft ioyes and the rest;

„ He that is wise, pants, on a priuate brest,
So could I liue in desert most vnknowne,
Your selfe to me enough were Populous,
Your eyes shall be my ioyes, my wine that still
Shall drowne my often cares, your onely voyce
Shall cast a slumber on my listning sence,
You with soft lip shall onely ope mine eyes,
And sucke their lidds a funder, onely you
Shall make me wish to liue, & not feare death,
So on your cheekes I might yeild latest breath,
O he that thus may liue, and thus shall dye,
May well be enuied of a dietie.

Beat: Deare my lou'd hart be not so passionate,
nothing extreame liues long.

Free: „ But not to be extreame, nothing in loue's extreame
my loue receiues no meane.

Beat: I giue you fayth, and pre thee since poore soule I am so
easy to belecue thee, make it much more pittie to deceiue me,
weare this sleight fauor in my remembrance.

Free: Which when I part from, (throweth downe a
hope the best of life, euer part from me.

Beat: I take you and your word, which may euer liue your
seruant, see day is quite broke vp, the best of houres.

Free: Good morrow gracefull mistres, our nuptiall day holds.

Beat: With happy constancy a wished day.

Exit
Enter

THE IVTCH COVRTEZAN

Enter Malheureus.

Free: My selfe and all content rest with you.

Mal: The studious morne with paler cheeke drawes on,
The dayes bold light: harke how the free-borne birdes
Caroll their vnaffected passions, *(The Niringalls sing.*
Now sing they sonnets; thus they crye, we loue
O breath of heauen! thus they harmles soules
Giue intertaine to mutuall affects.
They haue no Baudes: no mercenary bedds
No politike restraints: no artificiall heats
No faint dissemblings, no custome makes them blush,
No shame afflicts their name, O you happy beastes
In whome an inborne heat is not held sinne,
How far transcend you wretched, wretched man
Whome nationall custome, Tyrannous respects
Of slavish order, fetters: lames his power
Calling that sinne in vs, which in all things els
Is natures highest vertue. *(O miser! quare tuus gaudia crimen habet?*
Sure nature against vertue crosse doth sell
Or vertues selfe is oft vnaturall,
That I should loue a strumpet I a man of Snowe
Now shame forsake me whether am I fallen?
A creature of a publique use, my frendes loue to
To liue to be a talke to men, a shame
To my professed vertue. *,, O accursed reason,*

,, How many eyes hast thou to see thy shame!

,, And yet how blind once to preuent defame?

Free. *Diaboli virus in Lumbis est,* morrow my frend: come, I
could make a tedious scene of this now but, what, pah, thou art in
loue with a Courtezan, why sir, should we loath all strumpets
fume men should hate their owne mothers or sisters, a sinne a
gainst kinde I can tell you.

Mal: May it besee me a wise man to be in loue?

Free: Let wise men alone, twill besee me thee and me well
enough.

Mal.

THE DUTCH BOY AND THE ANGEL

Mal. Shall I not offend the vow of hand of our friendship?

Free. What to affect that which thy friend affected by heaven I resigne her freely, the creature and I must growe of, by this time shee has assuredly heard of my resolved marriage, and no question sweates Gods Sacrament, ten Towse and Diuells Ile resigne Ifaith.

Mal. I would but embrace her, yeare her speake, and at the most but kisse her.

Free. O friend be that could liue with the smoake of roast meate might liue at a cheape rate.

Mal. I shall neere prooue hartely receaued,
A kinde of star yngratious modesty,
An insufficient dulnes stains my hauiour.

Free. No matter fir, In-sufficiency and sottishnes are much commendable in a most discommendable adion, now could I swallow thee, thou hadst wont to be so hartsh and cold, Ile tell thee. Hell and the prodigies of angrie loue are not so fearefull to a thinking minde as a man without affection, why friend, Philosophie & nature are all one, loue is the center in which all lines close the common bonds of being.

Mal. O but a chaste reserved priuities, a modest continence.

Free. He tell thee what, take this as firmest tence,
In Continence will force a Continence,
Heate wasteth heate, light defecth light,
Nothing is spoyled but by his proper might.

This is some thing too waighty for thy floore.

Mal. But how so ere you shade it, the worlds eye
Shines hot and open ont,
Lying, malice, enuie, are held but flidyngs,
Errors of rage when custome and the world
Calls lust a crime spotted with blackest terrors.

Free. Where errors are held Crimes, Crimes are but errors
Along fir to her shee is an arrand strumpet: & a strumpet is
A Sarpegor Venomde Gonnory to man. (Offence is not a fault)
Things actually possessed: yet since thou art in loue.

Mal.

THE DUTCH COURTEZAN

And againe as good make vse of a Statue, so ion I had
A body without a soule, a carcasse three monethes dead,
Yet since thou art in loue,

Mal. Death man, my destiny I cannot choose.

Free. Nay I hope so, againe they sell but onely flesh,
No iot affection, so that euen in the enioying,

Absentem in amore, amque pates, yet since you needs must loue,

Mal. Vnauoidable though folly, worse then madnes.

Free. Its true, but since you needs must loue, you must know
He that must loue, a foole, and he must kisse,

(this)

Enter Cocle demoy.

M. Cocle demoy ut uales Domine

Cocle. *Ago tibi gratias,* my worshipfull friend, how does your
friend?

Free. Out you rascall.

Cocle. Hang toastes, you are an Assc, much a your worships
brayne lyes in your Calues, bread a God boy, I was at supper
last night with a new weande bulchin, bread a God, drunke, hor-
ribly drunke, horribly drunke, there was a worth one *Frank*
Frailty, a puncke, an honest pole-cat, of a cleane In-Step, found
legge, smooth thigh, and the nimble Diuell in her buttocke, ah
fiest a grace, when saw you *Tyssefe*, or *M. Cadellare*, that prae-
ling gallant of a good draught, common customes, fortunate,
impudence and found fare.

Free. Away Rogue.

Cocle. Hang toastes, my fine boy, my companion as worship-
full.

Mal. Yes I heare you are taken vp with schollers and church-
men.

Enter Holsernes the Barber

Cocle. *Quarquam te Maer* fir my fine boy, does your wor-
ship want a Barber Surgeon?

Free. Farewell knave, beware the *Malligru*.

Exeunt Breuill and Mal.

Cocle. Let the *Malligru* beware the knave, what a Bar-
ber Surgeon, my delicate boy?

Holof. Yes sir an apprentice to surgery.

Free. Is my fine boy, to what bawdy house doth your Maister be-
long, whats thy name?

Hol.

THE DUTCH COVETZAN,

Holof. *Holifernes Rainscure.*

Cocle. *Rainscure?* good M. *Holifernes* I desire your further acquaintance, nay pray yee bee covered my fine boy, kill thy itch and heale thy skabes, is thy Maister rotten?

Holif. My father forsooth is dead.

Cocle. And laid in his graue, alas what comfort shall *Peggy* then haue.

Hol. None but me sir, thats my mothers sonne I assure you.

Cocle. Mothers sonne, a good witty boy, would liue to read an Homilie well, and to whome are you going now?

Hol. Marry forsooth to trim M. *Mulligrub* the Vintner.

Cocle. Doe you know M. *Mulligrub*?

Hol. My Godfather Sir.

Cocle. Good boy hold vp thy chops, I pray thee doe one thing for me, my name is *Gudgeon*.

Hol. good M. *Gudgeon*.

Cocle. Lend me thy bason, razer, and Apron.

Hol. O Lord sir.

Cocle. Well spoke, good english, but whats thy furniture worthe?

Hol. O Lord sir I know not.

Cocle. Well spoken, a boy of a good wit, holde this pawne, where dost dwell,

Hol. At the signe of the three razers sir,

Cocle. A signe of good shauing my carastrophonicall fine boy, I haue an odde iest to trim M. *Mulligrub* for a wager, a iest boy, a humor, Ile returne thy thinges presently, hold.

Hol. What meane you good M. *Gudgeon*?

Cocle. Nothing faith but a iest boy, drinke that, Ile recoile presently.

Hol. Youle not stay long.

Cocle. As I am an honest man, the 3. razers?

Hol. I sir.

Exit Holifernes.

Cocle. Good, and if I haue not M. *Mulligrub*, my wit has no edge, and I may goe cacke in my pewter, let me see, a Barbar, my scruple tongue will discouer me, must dissemble, must disguise, for my beard, my false hayre, for my tongue Spanish Dutch, or Welsh, no, a Northerne Barbar, very good, widdow *Rainscures* man well, newly entertainte, right, to, hang tollies, al. cardes haue

THE DUTCH CORTIZAN.

haue white backes, and all knaues would seeme to haue white breaster, so proceede, now wor shipfull *Cocledemoy*.

Exit Cocledemoy in his Barbars furniture.

*Enter Marie Fough, and Francischina with her Harye,
Loose chafing.*

Mary. Nay good sweete daughter, doe not swagger so, you heare your loue is to bee married, true, he does cast you off, right he will leaue you to the world, what then? tho blew and white, black and Greene leaue you, may not redde and yellow entertain you, is there but one coullor in the Raine-bow?

Francis. Grand Grincome on your sentences, Gods sacrament, ten towland diuels take you, you ha brought mine loue, mine honor, mine boddy all to noing.

Mary Fough. To nothing! I'le be sworne I haue brought them to all the thinges I could, I ha made as much a your maydenhead, and you had beene mine owne daughter, I could not ha sold your Mayden head oftner then I ha done, I ha sworn for you God forgiue me, I haue made you acquainted with the Spaniard *Don Skirrell*, with the Italian, *M. Beierans*, with the Irish Lord, *S. Patrick*, with the Dutch Marchant, *Hauco Herkin Ginkin Skellam Elappdragon*, and specially with the greatest Fench, and now lastly with this English (yet in my conscience) an honest Gentleman: and am I now growne one of the accursed with you for my labour? is this my reward, am I calde Bawde? Well *Mary Fough*, goe thy wayes *Mary Fough*, thy kind heart will bring thee to the Hospitall.

Francis. Nay good Naunt, you'le helpe me to an oder loue, vil you not?

Mar. Out thou naughty belly, wouldst thou make mee thy Bawde? thou'lt best make me thy Bawde, I ha kept counsell for thee, who paide the Apothecary, wast not honest *Mary Fough*? who redeemde thy petticote and mantle, wast not honest *Mary Fough*? who helped thee to thy custome not of swaggering Ires and Captaines, nor of 2.s. Innes a court men, but with honest att-cappes, wealthy flat-caps, that pay for their pleasure the best of any men in Europe, nay, which is more in *London*, and dost thou delie me vile creature.

Francis.

THE DUTCH COURTEZAN.

Francis. *Foutra* pon you Vitch, Bawde, Pole-carte, Paugh,
did not you prayse *Freeuill* to mine loue?

Fough. I did prayse I confesse, I did prayse him, I fede hce
was a foole, an vnthrift, a true whoremaister, I confesse, a constāt
drabbe keeper I confesse, but what the winde is turnde.

Francis. It is, it is vile woman, reprobate wowan, naughtie
woman it is, vat sal become of mine poore flesh now, mine bod-
dy must turne Turke for 2.d. O *Dinela*, life a mine art, Ick sal
be reuengde, doe ten thousand Hell damme me, Ick sal haue the
rouge trote cut, and his loue, and his friend, and all his affinitie
fall smart, fall dye, sal hang, now legion of deuill seaze him, - de
gran pest, S. *Anthonies* fire, and de hot Neopolitan poc rotte
hini.

Enter Freeuill and Malheureus.

Freeuill. *Francischina.*

Fran. O mine secte, deerst, kindest, mine louing, O mine tow-
sand, ten towfand, delicated, petty sect art

Cantat Gallice.

amine a deere leeuest affection.

Free. Why Monky, no fashion in you? giue entertaine to my
friend.

Fran. Icke sal make de most of you, dat curtesie may: Aunt
Mary, Mettre *Fough*, stooles, stooles for des gallantes: mine
Mettre sing non oder song, frolique, frolique Sir, but still com-
plaine me doe her wrong, lighten your heart Sir, for me did but
kisse her, for me did but kis her, and so let go.

Your friend is very heauy, ick fall neere like such sad company.

Free. No thou delightest onely in light Company.

Fran. By mine trot, he been very sad, vat ayle you sir.

Mal. A tooth ake Lady, a paultry rheume.

Fran. De diet is very goot for de rheume.

Free. How far of dwels the house surgeon *Mary Fough*.

Mar. You are a prophane fellow I saith, I little thought
to heare such vngodly termes come from your lips.

Fran. Pre de now, tis but a toy, a very trifle.

Free. I care not for the xalew, *Franko*, but I saith-

Fran. I fait, me must needes haue it (dis is *Beatrice* ring, oh

THE DUTCH COURTEZAN

could I get it,) feet pree de now, as euer you haue embraced me with a hearty arme, a warme thought, or a pleasing touch, as euer you will professe to loue me, as euer you do with me life, giue me dis ring, dis litle ring.

Free. Pree thee be not vnciuillie importunate, sha not ha't, faith I care not for thee, nor thy ielousie, sha not ha't ifaith.

Francis. You doe not loue me, I heare of Sir *Hubert* *Subboys* daughter *Mistresse Beatrice*, Gods Sacrament, ick could scratch out her eyes, and sucke the holes.

Free. Goe y'are growne a puncke rampant.

Francis. So get thee gone, nere more behold min eyes by thee made wretched.

Free. *Mary Fough* farewell, farewell *Franck*.

Franck. Sall I not ha de ring?

Free. No by the Lord.

Franck. By te Lord?

Free. By the Lord.

Franck. Goe to your new Blouze, your vnproude fluttery, your modest Mettre forsooth.

Free. Marry will I forsooth.

Franck. Will you marry forsooth?

Free. Doe not turne witch before thy time:
With all my hart Sir, you will stay.

Mal. I am no whit my selfe, *Vide meliora proboque*,
But raging lust my fate all strong doth moue:

„ The Gods themselues cannot be wise and loue.

Free. Your wishes to you.

Exit Freewill:

Mal. Beautie entirely choyce:

Fran. Pray yee proue a man of fashion, and neglect the neglected.

Mal. Can such a raritie bee neglected, can there be measure or sinne in louing such a creature:

Fran. O min poore forsaken hart.

Mal. I can not containe, he saw thee not that left thee;

If there be wisdome, reason, honor, grace

Of any foolishly esteemed vertue,

In giuing o're possession of such beautie,

Let me be vitious, so I may be lou'de,

Passion

THE DUTCH CORTESAN.

Passion I am thy slaue, sweete it shall be my grace,
That I account thy loue, my onely vertue:
Shall I sweare I am thy most vowed seruant.

Franc. Mine vowed, go, go, go, I can no more of loue, no, no,
no, you bin all vnconstant, O vnfaithfull men, tyrantes, betray-
ers, de very enioying vs, looseth us, and when you onely ha made
vs hatefull, you onely hate vs: O mine forsaken hart.

Mal. I must not raue, Scilence and modesty two customa-
rie vertues: will you be my mistresse?

Franc. Mettres? ha, ha, ha.

Mal. VVill you lie wirh me?

Franc. Lie with you, O no, you men will out-lie any woman;
saie me no more cau loue.

Mal. No matter, let me enioy your bed.

Franc. O vile man, vat do you tinck on me, doe you take mee
to be a beast, a creature that for sence onely will entertaine loue,
and not onely for loue, loue? O brutish abomination!

Mal. VVhy then I pray thee loue, and with thy loue enioy
me.

Franc. Giue me reason to affect you, will you sweare you loue
me.

Mal. So seriously, that I protest no office so dangerous, no
deede so vnreasonable, no cost so heauie, but I vow to the vtmost
tentation of my best being to effect it.

Franc. Sall I, or can I trust againe? O foole,
How naturall tis for vs to be abused!

Sall ick be sure that no satietie,
No inoying, not time shall languish your affection?

Mal. If there be ought in brayne, hart or hand,
Can make you doubtlesse, I am your vowed seruant.

Franc. VVill you doe one ting for me?

Mal. Can I doe it?

Franc. Yes, yes, but ick doe not loue dis same *Freemill*.

Mal. VVell.

Franc. Nay I do hate him.

Mal. So.

Franc. By this kisse I hate him.

Mal. I loue to feele such othes, sweare againe.

THE DUTCH COURTEZAN.

Franc. No, no, did you euer heare of any that loude at the first sight?

Mal. A thing most proper.

Fran. Now fait, I iudge it all incredible, vntill this houre I saw you pritty fayre eyed yout, would you enioy me?

Mal. Rather then my breath, euen as my being.

Fran. Vel, had ick not made a vow.

Mal. VWhat vow?

Franck. O let me forget it, it makes vs both despaire.

Mal. Deare soule what vow?

Franck. Hah, good morrow gentle Sir, endeouour to forget me, as I must be enforced to forget al lmen. Sweet mind rest in you.

Mal. Stay, let not my desire burst me, O my impatient heart endures no resistance, no protraction, there is no being for me but your suddaine imoying.

Fran. I doe not loue *Freemil.*

Mal. But what vow, what vow?

Fran. So long as *Freemil.* liues, I must not loue.

Mal. Then he.

Fran. Must.

Mal. Die.

Fran. I, no there is no such vehemence in your affectes, VVould I were any thing, so he were not.

Mal. VVill you be mine when he is not?

Fran. VVill I? deare, deare breast, by this most zealous kisse, but I will not perswade you: but if you hate him that I loath most deadly, yet as you please, i'll perswade noting.

Mal. VVill you be onely mine.

Fran. VVill I? how hard tis for true loue to dissemble, I am onely yours.

Mal. Tis as irreuocable as breath, he dyes, Your loue.

Fran. My vow, not vntill hee be dead, VVhich that I may be sure uot to infringe, Dis token of his death, shall satisfie, He has a ring, as deare as the ayre to him, His new loues gift: rat got and brought to me, I shall assured your posessed rest.

Mal. To kill a man?

THE DUTCH COURTEZAN

Fran. O done safely, a quarrell suddain pickt,
with an aduantage strike, then bribe, a little coyne,
Al's life, deare soule, but Ile not set you on,

Mal. Nay hee is gone, the ring, well, come, little more libe-
rall of thy loue.

Fran. Not yet my vow.

Mal. O heauen, there is no hell but loues prolongings, deare
farewell

Fran. Farewell, Now does my hart swell high, for my re-
Has birth and forme, first friend sal kill his friend,
He dar' suruiue, Ile hang, besides de
Chast *Beatrice* Ile vexe onely de ring
Dat got the world fall know the worst of euils.

„ VWoman corrupted is the worst of deuils. *Exit Franco*

Mal. To kill my friend! O woe kill my selfe,
Yet mans but mans exerdish, with breeding man,
As he do's worraes

The body of a man is of the selfe same soule,
As Oxe or horse, no manner to kill these,

As for that onely part, which makes vs man,

Murther wille power to touch: O wit how vile,

How hellish art thou, when thou raisest nature

Gainst sacred faith, thinke more to kill a friend

To gaine a woman, to lose a veruous selfe,

For appetite and sensual end, whose very hating,

Looseth all appetite, and giues satietie,

That corporall end, remorse and inward blushing,

Forcing vs loath the steame of our owne heates,

VVhilst friendship close de in vertue being spiritual,

Tastes no such languishinges and moments pleasure,

VVith much repentance, but like riuers flow,

And farther that they runne, they bigger grow,

Lord how was I misgone, how easie t's to erre,

VVhen passion wil not giue vs leaue to thinke?

„ A learn'd that is an honest man may feare.

„ And lust, and rage, and malice, and any thing,

„ when he is taken vncollecte suddenly;

„ Tr's sinne of cold blood, muche worse with wak'd eyes.

„ That

THE DUTCH COURTEZAN

„ That is the damned and the truly vice,
 „ Not he that's passionles but he 'boue passion's wife,
 My friend shall know it all. *Exit.*

*Enter Maister Mulligrub, and Mistresse Mulligrub, shee with
 bag of money.*

Mistresse Mul. It is right I assure you, iust fiftene pounds.

Mul. Well *Cocledemoy* tis thou putt me to this charge, but
 and I catch thee, I'll charge thee with as many irones well, is the
 Barbar come, ile be trimd and then to Cheape-side, to buy a faire
 peece of plate, to furnish the losse, is the Barbar come?

M. st. Mul: Truth husband, surely heauen is not please with
 our vocation; we do winke at the sinnes of our people, our wines
 are Protestantes, and I speake it to my grieffe, and to the burthē
 of my conscience, we frie our fish with salt butter. *Exit.*

Mul. Goe looke to your busines, mend the matter and skore
 false with a vengeance.

Enter Cocledemoy like a Barbar.

Welcome friend, whose man?

Cocle: Widdow *Raine*: saures man, and shall please your
 good worship, my nam'es *Andrew Sharke*.

M. Mul: How do's my God-sonne good *Andrew*.

Cocle: Very well, hee's gone to trim *M. Quicquid* our Parson
 hold vp your head.

Mul: How long haue you beene a Barbar *Andrew*?

Cocle: Not long Sir, this two years.

Mul. What and a good worke man already, I dare scarce
 trust my heade to thee.

Cocle: O feare not, we ha polde better men then you, we learn
 the trade very quickly, will your good worship be shauen or cut?

Mul: As you will, what trade didst liue by, before thou
 turnedst Barbar *Andrew*.

Cocle: I was a Pedler in Germany, but my countymen thrive
 better by this trade.

Mul: Wha's the newes Barbar, thou art sometimes at Court.

Cocle: Sometimes pole a Page or so fir.

Mul. And what's the newes? how doe all my good Lorde
 and all my good Ladies, and all the rest of my acquaintance.

Cocle

THE DUTCH COFFEEHOUSE

Cocle: What an arrogant knave's this, Ile acquaintance yee
(tis cash!) say yee fir.

Mul: And what newes? what newes? good Andrew.

Cocle: Marry fir you know the Conduit at Greenewich, and
the vnder-holes that spowtes vp water.

Mul: Very well, I was washt there one day, and so was my
wife, you might haue wrung her smocke ifaith, but what a those
holes?

Cocle: Thus Sir, out of those little holes in the midst of the
night crawle out 24. huge horrible, monstrous, fearefull de-
uouring.

Mul: Blesse vs.

Cocle: Serpents, which no sooner were beheld, but they turnd
to mastiues which howlde, those mastiues instantly turnde to
Cockes which crowed, those cockes in a moment were change-
d to Beates which roard, which Beates are at this hower to bee
yet seene in Paris Garden, liuing vpon nothing but roasted cheefe
and greene onions.

Mul: By the Lord and this may be my wife and I will go see
them, this portends something.

Cocle: Yes worshipfull Fieft, thou'lt seele what portendes by
and by.

Mul: And what more newes, you shauie the worlde, especially
you Barbar Surgeons you know the ground of many thinges, you
are cunning priue searchers, by the mas you skowre all what
more newes?

Cocle: They say Sir that 25. couple of Spanish Ientetes are to
bee seene hand in hand daunce the olde measures, whilest sixe
goodly Flaunders Mares play to them on a noyle of fluses.

Mul: O monstrous! this is a lie a my word, nay and this bee
not a lie, I am no foole I warrant, nay make an Ass of mee once.

Cocle: Shut your eyes close, wincke sure fir, this bal wil make
you smart.

Mul: I do wincke.

Cocle: Your head will take cold.

Cocle demoy puts on a Coxe combe on Mulligrubs head.

I will put on your good worships night-cap, whilest I shauie you,
so, much hang toasters: faugh viah: sparrowes must peeke and

THE DUTCH COURTEZAN

Cocledemoy munch.

Mul. Ha, ha, ha, 25. couple of Spanish Iennets to daunce the olde measures. *Andrew*, makes my worshippe laugh, ifaith, dost take me for an Asse *Andrew*, dost know one *Cocledemoy* in towne, he made mee an Asse last night, but ile asse him, art thou free *Andrew*, shaue me well, I shall bee one of the common Councell shortly, and then *Andrew*, why *Andrew*, *Andrew*, dost leaue me in the Suddes?

Canat. why *Andrew* I shall be blinde with winking. Ha *Andrew*, wife *Andrew*, what meanes this, wife, my money wife.

Enter Mistresse Mulligrubbe.

Mistresse Mul. What's the noyse with you? what aile you?

M. Mul. VVheres the Barbar?

Mrs. Mul. Gone, I saw him depart long since, why are not you trimd?

M. Mul. Trimd, O wife, I am shau'd, did you take hence the money?

Mrs. Mul. I toucht it not as I am Religious.

M. Mul. O Lord I haue winkt faile.

Enter Holofernes.

Holof. I pray Godfather giue me your blessing.

M. Mul. O Holofernes, O wheres thy mothers *Andrew*?

Holof. Blessing Godfather.

M. Mul. The diuill choake thee, wheres *Andrew* thy mother's man?

Holof. My mother hath none such forsooth.

M. Mul. My money, a plague of all *Andrews*, who wast trimd me?

Holof. I know not Godfather, onlie one shewt me, as I was coming to you, and borrowed my furniture, as he saide for a iest sake.

M. Mul. What kinde of fellow?

Holof. A thick elderly stub-bearded fellow.

M. Mul. *Cocledemoy*, *Cocledemoy*, raise all the Wise men in the streete, Ile hang him with mine owne hands. O wife, some *Resa Selis*.

Mrs. Mul. Good husband take comfort in the Lord, Ile play the Diuell, but ile recougr it, haue a good conscience. it's but a weeks

IN THE DUTCH CORTESAN.

weeke, cutting in the Terme
M. Mul. O wife, O wife, O lacke how does thy mother? is there any Fidlers in the house?

Mrs. Mul. Yes, *M. Creaker* noyse.

M. Mul. Bid'em play, laugh, make merry, cast vp my accounts, for ile go hang my selfe presently, I will not curse, but a poxe on *Cocledemoy*, he has polde and shaued me, he has trind me.

Finis Actus Secundi.

Actus tertius. Scena prima.

Enter Beatrice, Crispinell, and Nurs Putifer. (*not,*

Puti. Nay good child, A loue once more, *M. Freewills Son* a the kisse you gaue him,

Beat. Sha'te good Nurse, Purest lips soft banks of blisses,
 Selfe alone, deseruing kisses.

O giue me leaue to, &c.

Crisp. Pish sister *Beatrice*, prece thee read no more, my stomacke alate stands against kissing extreainly,

Beat. Why good *Crispinell*?

Crisp. By the faith and trust I beare to my face, tis grown one of the most vsauous Ceremonies, Boddy, a beaurie tis one of the most ynpleasing inuicout customes to Ladies: any fellow that has but one nose on his face, and standing collar and skirtes also linde with Taffery larcenet, must salure vs on the lipps as familiarly: Soft Skins saue vs, there was a stubbearded Iohn a stile with a ploydens face saluted me last day, and stroke his bristles through my lippes, I ha spent 20. shillings in pomatum since to kinne them againe, Marry if a nobleman or a knight with one Locke visit vs though his vnpleane goole runnd greene teeth, ha the pallsy, his nostrells smell worse then a putrified maribone, & his loose beard drops into our bosome, yet wee must kisse him with a curly, a curse, for my part I had as liue they would break wynd in my lipps.

Beat. Py *Crispinella* you speake too broad.

Crisp. No iot sister, lets neere be athamed to speake what we be

THE DUTCH COURTEZAN.

be not ashamed to thinke, I dare as boldly speake venery, as thinke
venery.

Beat. Faith sister ile begone if you speake so broad.

Crisp. Will you so? now bashfulness seaz you, we pronounce
boldly Robbery, Murder, treason, which deedes must needs
be far more lothsome then an act which is so naturall, iust and
necessary, as that of procreation, you shall haue an hypocriticall
vestall virgin speake, that with close teeth publikely, which she
will receiue with open mouth priuately, for my owne part I con-
sider nature without apparell, without disguising of custome or
complement, I giue thoughts wordes, and wordes truth, and
truth boldnes, she whose honest freenes makes at her vertue, to
speake what she thinks, will make it her necessity to thinke what
is good, I loue no prohibited things, and yet I would haue no-
thing prohibited by policy but by vertue, for as in the fashion of
time, those bookes that are cald in, are most in sale and request,
so in nature those actions that are most prohibited, are most
desired.

Beat. Good quick sister, say your pace we are priuat, but the
world would censure you, for truly seuerer modesty is womens
vertue.

Crisp. Fye, Fye,, vertue is a free pleasant buxom qualitie: I
loue a constant countenance well, but this froward ignorant
coynes, fower austere lumpish vnciuill priuatenes, that promises
nothing but rough skins, and hard shooles, ha, fy out good for
nothing but for nothing, well nurse, and what do you conceane
of all this?

Put. Nay faith my concealing dayes be done, marry for kis-
sing ile defend that, thats within my compas, but for my own part
heers mistres *Beatrice* is to be married with the grace of God, a
fine gentleman he is shall haue her and I warrant a stronge, he
has a legg like a post, a nose like a Lion, a brow like a Bull, and
a beard of most faire expectation: this weeke you must marry
him, and I now will read a lecture to you both, how you shall
behaue your selues to your husbands, the first monneth of your
nuptiall, I ha broake my skull about it, I can tell you and there
is much braine in it.

Crisp.

THE DUTCH CURTESAN.

Crisp: Read it to my sister good nurse, for I assure you she nere marry.

Put: Marry God forfend, what will you doe then?

Crisp: Fayth strue against the flesh, marry? no fayth, husbands are like lotts in the lottery: you may drawe forty blankes before you finde one that has any prise in him, A husband generally is a careles domining thing that growes like coroll which as long as it is vnder water is soft and tender, but as soone as it has got his branch above the waues is presently hard stiffe, not to be bowed but burst, so when your husband is a sutor & vnder your choyse, Lord how suple hee is, how obsequious, how at your seruice sweet Lady: once married got vp his head above. A stiffe crooked knobby inflexible tyrannous creature he grows then they turne like water, more you would imbrace the losse you hould, ile lue my owne woman, and if the worst come to the worst, I had rather prooue a wagge then a foole.

Beat: O but a vertuous marriage.

Crisp: Vertuous marriage? there is no more affinity betwixt vertue and marriage, then betwixt a man and his horse, indeed vertue gets vp vpon marriage sometimes, and manageth it in the right way, but marriage is of another peece, for as a horse may be without a man, and a man without a horse, so marriage you know is often without vertue, and vertue I am sure more oft without marriage, but thy match sister, by my troth I thinke twill do well, hees a well shapt cleane lipp'd gentleman of a handsome, but not affected finenes, a good faithfull eye, and a well humord cheeke, would he did not stoope in the shoulders for thy sake, see here he is.

(Enter Freewill & Tiffsem.)

Free: Good day Sweete.

Crisp: Good morrow brother nay you shall haue my lip, good morrow seruant.

Tisse: Good morrow sweete life.

Crisp: Life? dost call thy mistres life.

Tisse: Life, yes why not life?

Crisp: How many mistresses hath thou?

Tisse: Some nine.

Crisp: Why then thou hast nine lines like a Car.

Tisse: Mew you would be taken vp for that.

THE DUTCH COURTEZAN,

Crisp: Nay good let me still sit, we lo we statres loue still to sit, least when we stand we may be supposed to sit.

Tisse: Dost not weare high corke shooes: chopines.

Crisp: Monstrous on's, I am as many other are, pecc'd above, and pecc'd beneath.

Tisse: Still the best part in the,

Crisp: And yet all will scarce make me so high as one of the Gyants filles that stalkes before my Lord Maiors pageant.

Tisse: By the Lord so I thought 'twas for some thing Mistres Ioyce iested at thy high insteps.

Crisp: She might well inough, and long inough, before I would be ashamed of my shortnes; what I made or can mend my selfe I may blush at; but what nature put vpon me, let her be ashamed for me, I ha nothing to doe with it, I forget my beauty.

Tisse: Fayth Ioyce is a foolish bitter creature.

Crisp: A pretty mildewed wench she is.

Tisse: And faire.

Crisp: As my selfe.

Tisse: O you forget your beauty now.

Crisp: Troth I neuer remember my beauty; But as some men doe religion for controuersies sake,

Beat: A motion filter.

Crisp: Nimie, Iulius Caesar, Ionas, or the destruction of Ierusalem.

Beat: My loue heere.

Crisp: Pree thee call him not love, tis the drabs phrase, nor sweete honie, nor my cunny, nor deare duckling, tis the Cittizen termes, but call me him.

Beat: What?

Crisp: Anything, what is the motion?

Beat: You know this night our parents haue intended solemnly to contract vs, and my Loue to grace the feast hath promised a make.

Free: You'le make one Tysetue, and Cagheture shall fill vp a

Tisse: Fore heaven well remembered he borrowed a diamond of me last night to grace his finger in your visitation: The Lying Creature will sweare some fraung thing on't now.

THE DUTCH CORTIZAN.

Enter Caquetenr.

Crisp: Peace, he's here, stand close, lurke.

Caqu: Good morrow most deere, and worthy to be most wise, how do's my mistress?

Crisp: Morrow sweete seruant, you glister, pree thee let's see that stone.

Caqu: A toy Lady, I bought to please my finger.

Crisp: Why I am more pretious to you, than your finger:

Caqu: Yes, or than all my body, I sweare,

Crisp: Why, then let it be bought to please me, come I am no professed beggar.

Caqu: Troth Mistresse; Zoones: Forsooth, I protest.

Crisp: Nay, if you turne Protestant for such a toy.

Caqu: In good deed la, another time ile giue you a

Crisp: Is this yours to giue?

Caqu: O God, forsooth mine, quoth you, nay as for that,

Crisp: Now remember, I ha seene this on my seruant Tise-
fanes finger.

Caqu: Such another.

Crisp: Nay, I am sure this is it.

Caqu: Troth tis forsooth, the poore fellow wanted money to pay for supper last night, and so pawnd it to mee, tis a pawne ifaith, or else you should haue it.

Tise: Harke ye, Thou base lying: how dares thy impudence hope to prosper, wert not for the priuiledge of this respected companie, I would so hang thee.

Crisp: Come herther seruant, What's the matter betwixt you

Caqu: Nothing but (hearke you) he did me some vnciuile discourtesies last night, for which, because I should not call him to account, hee desires to make me any satisfaction: the Coward trembles at my verie presence, but I ha him on the hippe, ile take the forfeit on his Ringe.

Tise: What's that you whisper to her?

Caqu: Nothing Sir, but satisfie her, that the Ringe was not pawnd, but only lent by you to greeue my finger, and so I could her I serau'd your passion, for being too familiar, or indeed, aser-
bould with your reputation.

E

Crisp.

THE DUTCH COURTEZAN.

Crisp. Yes indeede he did, he said you desired to make him a ny satifaction for an vniuall discourtesie you did him last night, but he said he had you a the hyp and would take the forfeit of your ring.

Tise. How now ye base Pultrone?

Caque. Hold, hold, my mistresse speakes by contraries.

Tise. Contraries.

Caque. She iests, faith onely iests.

Crisp. Sir, Ile no more a your seruice, you are a childe, Ile giue you to my nurse.

Put. And he come to me, I can tell you as olde as I am, what to doe with him.

Caque. I offer my seruice forsooth.

Tise. Why so, now euery dogge has his bone to knawe on.

Free. The Maske holds, Master *Caque*.

Caca. I am ready Sir, Mistresse Hoodwince with you, he gre feare, Ile grace you.

Put. I tell you I can my singles and my doubles and my tricks a xtie, my carantapace, my trauerse forward, and my falling backe yet ifaith.

Beat. Mine, the prouision for the night is ours.

Much must be our care, till night we deaue you.

I am your seruant be not tirannous.

Your vertue wan me, faith my loues not lust.

Good wrong me not, my most faule is much trust.

Free. Vntill night onely my heart be with you, Farewell.

Crisp. Adieu brother, come on suffer for these sweet tomes.

Free. Lets meete and practise presently.

Tise. Content, weele but fit our pumpes, Come ye pernicious vermine.

Enter Malheuerus.

Free. My friend, wished houres, what newes from Babilon?

How dos the woman of *Sime* and *ma* all come forward?

Mal. The eldest child of nature nere builded.

So dam'd a creature.

THE DUTCH COURTEZAN.

Free. What, *In noua feni animus militat iugiter formas?* which way beares the Tyde?

Mal. Deare loued Sir, I finde a minde courageously vicious, may put on a desperate securitie, but can neuer bee blessed with a firme inioying and selfe satisfaction.

Free. what passion is this, my deare *Lindabridis*?

Mal. Tis well, we both may iest, I ha bene tempted to your death,

Free. What is the rampant Cocatrice growne mad for the losse of hir men?

Mal. Deadly mad.

Free. As most assured of my second loue,

Mal. Right.

Free. She would haue had this ring.

Mal. I, and this heart, and in true prooffe you were flaine I should bring her this ring, from which she was assured You would not part, vntill from life you parted.

For which deede, and onely for which deede, I should possesse her sweetnesse.

Free. O bloody villaines, nothing is defamed but by his proper selfe, Phisitions abuse remedies, Lawyers spoyle the Lawe, and women onely shame women, you ha vow'd my death?

Mal. My lust, not I, before my reason would, yet I must vse her, that I a man of sence should conceiue endlesse pleasure in a body whose soule I know to be so hideously blacke.

Free. That a man at twentie three should cry, O sweete pleasure, and at fortie three should sigh, O sharpe Poxe: but consider man furnished with omnipotencie and you ouerthrowe him, thou must coole thy impatient appetite.

It's Fate, it's Fate.

Mal. I doe malign my creation that I am subiect to passion, I must inioy her.

Free. I haue it marke, I giue a maske to night To my loues kindred, in that thou shalt goe:

In that we two make shew of falling out,

Giue seeming challenge, instantly depart,

With some suspition to present fight,

Yet will be seene as going to our swordes.

THE DUTCH COURTEZAN

And after meeting, this Ring onely lent,
 He lurke in some obscure place, till rumor
 (The common Bawde to loose suspitions)
 Haue fayned me slaine, which (in respect my selfe
 NVill not bee found, and our late seeming quarrell)
 VVill quickly found to all as earnest truth
 Then to thy wench, protest me surely dead.
 Shew her this Ring, inioy her, and bloud colde
 VVeele laugh at folly.

Mal. O but thinke of it.

Fre: Thinke of it, come away, vertue let sleepe thy passions,
 „VVhat old times held as crimes, are now but fashions. (*Exeunt*)

*Enter Master Garnish, and Lionell: Master Mulligrubba, with a
 standing cup in his hand, and an Obligation in the other.*

*Cocle demoy stands at the other done disguised
 sed like a French Pedler, and
 ouer-heares them.*

Mul: I am not at this time furnished, but ther's my bond for
 your Plate.

Gar: Your bill had ben sufficient y are a good man, a standing
 cup parcell guilt, of 32 ounces, 11 pound, 7 shillings, the first of
 Iuly, good plate, good man, good day, good all.

Mul: Tis my hard fortune, I will hang the knaue, no, first he
 shall halfe rot in fetters in the Dungeon, his conscience made de-
 spairfull, he hyre a Knaue a purpose, shal assure him he is dam'd,
 and after see him with mine owne eyes, hanged without singing
 any Psalme. Lord that hee has but one necke.

Gar: You are too tyrannous, you'll yse me no further.

Mul: No Sir, lend mee your seruant, onely to carry the
 plate home, I haue occasion of an houres absence.

Gar: VVith easie consent, fir hast and be carefull, (*Exit Gar.*)

Mul: Be very carefull I pray thee to my wifes owne hands.

Lion: Secure your selfe fir.

Mul: To her owne hand.

Lion: Feare not, I haue deliuered greater things than this,
 to a womans owne hand.

Cocle. Mounfier, please you to buy a fine delicate ball, sweet
 ball,

THE DUTCH COURTEZAN.

ball, a Camphyer ball, in ground and of his noisome boog and

Mul. Pre thee away.

Co. One a ball to flouer, a floueing ball, a ball to be shaued

Mul. For the loue of god talke not of shauing, I haue been shaued, mischeife and roob. diuells cease him, I haue been shaued. *(Exit Mulligrub)*

Ca. The Fox growes fat when he is cursed, he shauie ye smother yet, turd on a tile stone, my lips haue a kind of rhenime at this hole, he hau't, he gargalize my throate with this Vintner, and when I haue don with him, spit him out, he shark, conscience does not repine, were I to bite an honest gentleman a poore gro-garan poet, or a penurious Parson, that had but ten pigs tayles in a tweluemonth & for want of lerning had but one good stoole in a fortnight, I were damd beyond the workes of superarrogation, but to wring the whythers of my gowtie barnd spiggod fligging-iumbler of elements. *Muligrub*, I hold it as lawfull as sheepe-shearing, taking egges from hens, caudels from Asses, or Butterd shrimps from horses, they make no vse of them, were not provided for them. And therefore worshipfull *Cocledemoy*, hang toasts, on, in grace and verrue to proceed, onely beware beware degrees, there be rounds in a ladder, and knots in a halter, ware carts, hang toasts, the comon counsell has decreed it, I must drawe a lot for the great Goblet. *Exe.*

Enter Mistresse Mulligrub, and Lionell with a Goblet.

Mul. Nay, I pray you stay and drinke, and how do's your Mistresse, I know her verie well, I haue ben inward with her, and so has many more, she was euer a good patient creature yfain, with all my hart he remeber your master an honest man, he knew me before I was marryed, an honest man hee is, and a crafty, hee comes forward in the world well, I warrant him, and his wife is a proper woman that she is, well, she has ben as proper a woman as any in Cheape, she paints now, and yet she keeps her husbands old Customers to him still, Introth a fine fac'd wife, in a waincor-carued seat, is a worthy ornament to a Tradesman shop, and an attractive I warrant, her husband shall finde it in the custome of his ware, he assure him, God bee with you good youth, I acknowledge the receipt. *Exit Lion.* I acknowledge all the receipt, tis very well spoken, I acknowledge theretoe, thus tis to

THE DUTCH COURTEZAN

haue good education and to bee brought vp in a Tauerne, I doe keepe as gallant and as good companie, though I say it, as any she in *London*. Squires, Gentlemen, and Knights diet at my table, and I doe lend some of them money, and full many fine men goe vpon my score, as simple as I stand heere, and I trust them, and truly they verie knightly and courtly promise faire, giue verie good words, and a peece of flesh when time of yere serues, nay, though my husband be a Citizen and's cap made of wooll, yet I haue wit, and can see my good as soone as another, for I haue all the thanks, my silly husband, alas, hee knowes nothing of it, tis I that beare, tis I that must beare a braine for all.

Cocl. Faire hower to you Mistresse.

Mrs. Mu. Faire hower, fine terme, faith ile score it vp apon a beautifull thought to you sir.

Cocl. Your Husband, and my Maister Mr. *Garnish* has sent you a Tole of fresh Salmon, and they both will come to dinner to season your new cup with the best wine, which cup your husband intreats you to send backe by mee, that his arnies may bee graud a the side, which he forgot before it was sent.

Mr. Mul. By what token, are you sent by no token? nay, I haue wit.

Cocl. He sent me by the same token, that he was dry shaued this morning.

Mrs. Mu. A sad token, but true, here sir, I pray you commend me to your Master, but especially to your Mistresse, tell them they shall be most sincerely welcome.

Exit.

Cocl. Shall be most sincerely welcome, worshipfull *Coclede-moy*, lurke close, hang toasts, be not ashamed of thy qualitie, euery mans rurd smels well in's owne nose, vanish Foyst.

Exit.

Enter Mrs. Mulligrub, with seruants and furniture for the Table.

Mrs. Mul. Come spread these Table Diaper Napkins, and doe you heare, perfume this Parlour do's so smell of prophane Tabacco, I could neuer endure this vngodly Tabacco, since one of our Elders, assured me vpon his knowledge Tabacco was not vsed in the Congregation of the family of loue: spread, spread handsomely, Lord these boyes doe things arsie, varsie, you shew your bringing vp, I was a Gentlewoman by my sisters side, I can

tell

THE DRACONARIUM.

tell yee so methodically: methodically. His wonder when I goe
that word. O fir *Amintul* *Ruth* had me kisse him methodical-
ly, I had it somewhere, and I had it indeed.

Enter Master Mulligant.

Mul: Mind, be not desperate, it is recoutt albuill. All things with me, shall seeme honest, that can be profitable,
He must nere winch, that would arthritic, or faue,
To be cald Nigard, cuckold, Cut-throat, Knaue;

Mrs: Are they come husband?

Mul: Who? what, how now? what feare towards in my pri-
uate Parlour.

Mrs: Pray leaue your foolerie, what are they come?

Mul: Come, who come?

Mrs: You need not mak't so strange?

Mul: Strange?

Mrs: I strange, you know no man that sent me word, that he
and his wife would come to dinner to me, and sent this Note of
fresh Salmon before hand.

Mul: Peace, not I, peace, the Messenger hath mistaken the
house, let's eat it vp quickly before it be enquired for, it is som
vinegar, quicke, some good luck yet, faith, I neuer tasted Salmon
relish better, oh when a man feeds at other mens cost.

Mrs: Other mens cost? why did not you send this Iole of
Salmon,

Mul: No.

Mrs: By Master *Garrish* man?

Mul: No.

Mrs: Sending me word, that he and his wife would come
to dinner to me.

Mul: No, no.

Mrs: To leason my new bowle?

Mul: Bowle?

Mrs: And withall wild me to send the bowle backe.

Mul: Backe?

Mrs: That you might haue your Armes graue on the side.

Mul: Ha?

Mrs: By the same token you were drie shaven this morning
before you went forth.

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THE WATCH OF MY ZINN.

Mrs. P. Ah, how this Sammon stinks.

Mrs. And thereupon sent the bowle backe, prepar'd dinner, nay and I bare not a braine.

Mul. Wife, doe not vex me, is the bowle gone, is it deliuer'd?

Mrs. Deliuer'd? yes sure, tis deliuered.

Mul. I will neuer more say my prayers, doe not make mee madde, tis common, let me not crie like a woman, is it gone?

Mrs. Gone? Good is my witnesse, I deliuered it with no more intention to be cozend on't, than the child new borne: and yet *Mul.* Look to my house, I am haunted with euill spirites, here mee, doe; heare me, if I haue not my Goblet againe, heauen, I'll be the Death, I'll be a Coniurer, look to my house, I'll raise all the wise men in the street.

Mrs. Deliuer vs! what wordes are these, I trust in God, hee is but drunke sure.

Enter C. *Mul.* I haue the Sammon to worship, *Cocledemo.* now for the Master peece, God blesse thy necke peece, and *Foxta.* Paine Mistress my Master.

Mrs. Haue I caught you, what *Roger.* *C.* Peace good Mistris, I tell you all, a tell, a verie more tell, your husband onely took sport to fright you, the bowle at my Masters, and there is your husband, who sent me in all haste, least you should be ouer frighted with his fayning, to come to dinner to him.

Mrs. Praise Heauen, it is no worse.

Coc. And desired me, to desire you to send the Rose of Sammon before, and your selfe to come after to them, my Mistris would bee right glad to see you.

Mrs. I pray carry it: now thanke them entierly, blesse me, I was neuer so out of my skinne in my life, pray thanke your Mistris most entierly.

Coc. So now I goe to worship *Mul.* *C.* and I will monch Cheaters & Bawds go together like washing & wringing: *Exit.*

Mrs. Behnewas heart for his labor, how euery thing about me quiuers, what *Christian* my hat and aporie, here take my needles, and now I tremble, to see gollope it now for r, thats certaine, here has been revolutions, and false news indeed.

Enter

THE DUTCH CORTIZAN.

Now Enter Mullgrub.

Mul. Whether now? Whats the matter with you now? Whether are you a gadding?

Mist. Come, come, play the foole no more: Will you goe?

Mul. Whether, in the ranke name of madnesse: whether?

Mist. Whether, why to mayster Garnish, to eate the lowle of Salmon? Lord, how strange you make it.

Mul. Why so, why so.

Mist. Why so? why did not you send the selfe same fellow for the lowle of Salmon, that had the cup?

Mul. Tis well, tis very well.

Mist. And will me to come and eate it with you at the Goldsmiths.

Mul. O I, I, I, at my right wits.

Mist. Doe you heare, make a foole of some body else, and you make an ass of me? Ile make an Oxe of you, do ye see.

Mul. Nay wife be patient, for looke you, I may be madde, or drunke, or so, for my owne part, though you can bear more then I, yet I can do well: I will not tattle nor eare, but heauen knows what I thinke. Come, lets goe heare some musicke, I will neuer more say my prayers. Lets goe heare some dolefull musicke. Nay if heauen forget to prosper knaves, Ile goe no more to the Synagogue. Now I am discontented, Ile turne Sectarie that is fashion.

Actus Quartus, Scena prima.

Enter Sir Hubert Subposse, Sir Lyonell Frevile, Crispinella,

servants with dogges.

Sir Hub. More lights: welcome Sir Lyonell Frevile, brother Frevile shortly. Look to your lights.

Servant. The Maskers are at hand.

Sir Lyo. Call downe our daughter: Harke they are at hande, ranke handfomly.

Enter the Maskers, they dance. Enter Mabeureus and take

Beatrice from Frevile. They draw.

Fre. Know sir, I have the aduantage of the place,

THE DUTCH CORTAZ INT

You are not safe, I would deal even with you.

Mal. So.

Fre. So.

Beat. I doe beseech you sweet, do not for me prouoke your Fortune.

Sir Ly. What sodaine flaw is risen?

Sir Hub. From whence cometh this? *By carn wold, bro J. & nemle?*

Fre. An ulcer long time lurking, now is burst.

Sir Hub. Good for the time and your designs are safe.

Bea. I deare fir, counsell him, aduise him, twill rel his well
From your caring: Good my sweetest wife,

Fre. As well, as well, this shall be ended straight.

Sir Hub. The banquet fraies, there weeke discourse more huge

Fre. Marriage must not make men Cowards. I. I. I. O. M. N.

Sir Lj. Nor rage foote.

Sir Hub. "Tis valor not where heat, but reason rules. Exit.

Only Tiffeny and Cristen stay

74. But do you hear Lady, you proud are you

What was the left you broke of, or such now? I know oh well say I

Cripp—Nothing, I only find you were all made, that you have a brazen face, a leaden brain, and a copper beard.

77. Quicksilver, thou little more then a Dwarf, and some-
thing less then a Woman.

Cry! A Wilpc, a wilpc, a wilpc, will you go to the banquet.

Tyl. By the Lord I think thou wilt marry shortly too, thou growest somewhat foolish already.

Crisp. O Faith, tis a faire thing to be married, and a necessary,
To heare this word, *Must*, if our husbands be proud, we must beare
his contempt, if noysome we must beare with the Goie vnder his
armeholes, if a foole we must beare his hable, and which is worse,
If a loose liuer, Wee must liue vpon ynholosome Reuerfions :
Where, on the contrary side, our husbands, because they may, and
we must; care not for vs, thinges hop'd with feare, and got with
struglings, are mens high pleasures, when ducry pales and flatter
their appetite.

Tys. What a tart Monkey is this, by heaven if thou hadst not so much wit I could finde in my hart to my marry thee. Faith bear with me for all this.

Cris.

THE DITCH CVRTEZ AN.

Crisp. Beare with thee, I wonder how thy mother could beare thee ten months in her bellie, when I cannot indure thee 2. hours in mine eie.

Tyf. Alasse for you sweet soule, by the Lorde you are growne a proud, scurvie, apish, ydle, disdainfull, scotting, Gods foot, because you haue read *Ephues and his England*, *Palmerin de Oliva*, & the Legend of Lies.

Crisp. Why yfaith yet seruant, you of all others shoulde beare with my knowne vnmalicious humors, I haue alwaies in my Hart giuen you your due respect:

And heauen may be sworne, I haue priuately giuen faire speech of you, and protested.

Tyf. Nay looke you, for my owne part, if I haue not as religiously vowd my hart to you, beene drunke to your health, swalowd flap-dragons, eate glasses, drunke vrine, stabd armes, and don all the offices of protested gallantrie for your sake: and yet you tell me I haue a brazen face, a leaden braine, and a copper bearde, Come yet and it please you.

Crisp. No, no, you do not loue me?

Tyf. By *Jeh* but I do now, and whosoever dares say that I do not loue you, nay honor you, and if you would vouchsafe to marrie.

Crisp. Naie, as for that thinke out as you will, but Gods my record, and my sister knowes I haue taken drinke and slept vppon, that if euer I marrie it shall be you, and I will marrie, and yet I hope I do not saie it shall be you neither.

Tyf. By heauen I shalbe as soone wearie of health as of your inioyng: will you cast a smooth cheeke vpon me?

Crisp. I cannot tell, I haue no crumpe shoulders, my back needs no mantle, and yet marriage is honorable: do you thinke ye shall proue a Cuckold?

Tyf. No, by the Lord, not I.

Crisp. Why, I thanke you yfaith:
Heigho: I slept on my backe this morning
And dreamt the strangest dreames:
Good Lord, how things will come to passe?
Will you go to the banquet?

Tyf. If you will bee mine, you shall be your owne, my purste,

THE DUTCH CORTIZAN

my bodie, my hart is yours, onlie bee silent in my house, modest at my table, and wanton in my bed, and the Empresse of Europe cannot content, and shall not be contented better.

Crisp. Can anie kind hart speake more discretlie affectionate lie: my fathers consent, and as for mine,

Tys. Then thus, and thus, so Hymen should begin, Sometimes a falling out, proues falling in. *Exit.*

*Enter Frevle, speaking to some within, Malheroux
at the other dore.*

Fre. As you respect my vertue, giue me leaue
To satisfie my reason, though not bloud:
So, all runs right, our fained rage hath tane
To fullest life, they are much posselt
Of force most, most all quarrell: now my right friend
Resolue me with open brest, free and true hart
Cannot thy vertue hauing space to thinke
and fortifie her weakened powers with reason,
Discourses, Meditations, Discipline.
Diuine ejaculatories, and all those aydes against deuils &
Cannot all these curbe thy lowe appetite
and sensuall furie?

Mal. "There is no God in bloud, no reason in desire:
Shall I but liue? Shall I not be forc't to act
Some deed, whose verie name is hydeous?"

Fre. No.

Mal. Then I must enioy Francischina.

Fre. You shall: He lend this ring, shew it to that faire Deuill,
It will resolue me dead, which rumor with my artificiall
absence, wil make most firme, enioy her sodainlie.

Mal. But if report go strong that you are slaine,
and that by me. Whereon I may be seized
Where shall I finde your being.

Fre. At maister Sharewes the Iewellers, to whose breast
He trust our secret purpose.

Mal. I rest your selfe, each man hath follies.

Fre. But those worst of all,
"Who with a willing eie, do seeing, fall"

Mal.

THE DITCH CURTEZAN

Mal. Tis true, but truth seemes folly in madnesse spectacles,
I am not now my selfe, no man: Farewell.

Fre. Farewell.

Mal. "When womna's in the hart, in the soule hell."

Exit Mal.

Fre. Now repentance the fooles whip seize thee,
Nay if there be no meanes Ile be thy friend,
But not thy Vices; and with greatest sence
Ile force thee feele thy errors, to the worst
The vildest of dangers thou shalt sinke into,
No Jeweller shall see me, I will lurke
Where none shall know or thinke, close Ile withdraw,
and leaue thee with two friendes: a whore and knaue
But is this vertue in thee? No, not pure,
Nothing extreamely best with vs endures,
No vse in simple purities, the elementes
are mixt for vse, Silver without alay
Is all to eager to be wrought for vse:
Not precise vertues euer purely good
Holdes vsfull size with temper of weake blood:
Then let my course be borne, tho: with side-wind,
The end being good, the meanes are well alsingd.

Exit.

Enter Franchischina melancholy, Cockatrice

Cock. Come catafago Franchisca Franch-ball, who who he,
Excellent! Hay heers a plump rump wench, with a breast
Softer then a Courtyers tongue, as old Ladies gums,
Or an old mans mentula, my fine Rogue.

Fra. Pat you poultron!

Cock. Gooddy fiste, flumpum pumpum, a my fine Wagtail,
Thou art as false as prostituted and adulcerate
as some translated manuscript Basse sayre where, buse.

Fra. Gods sacrament! Poxe

Cock. Hadamoy key dast thou frome mediant hon tenkey
Nay look heer: Numeron key Silver blithe for cany
Os cany goblet: Us key ne moye blithe for cany
On you Gosling.

Fra.

THE DUTCH CORTIZAN

Fran. By me fait dis bin verie fine langage, Ick fall bulsh ye now,
lia, be garzon vare had you dat place?

Cocle. Hedemoykey, get you gon Punck rampant, key
common vp-taile.

Enter Mary fough, in hast.

Mary. O daughter, cozen, neece, seruant, mistresse.

Cocle. Humpum, plumpum squat, I am gone, *Ex. Cocle.*

Mary. There is one M. Malheureux at the dore desires to see
you: he saies he must not be denide, for he hath sent you this ring
and withall saies tis done.

Fran. Vat fall me do now, Gods sacramant: tell him two ho-
wers hence he fall be most affectionatlie welcome, tell him (vat sal
me do) tel him Ick am bin in my bate, and Ick fall perfume my
seetes, mak a mine bodie so delicate for his arme.
Two houres hence.

Mary. I shall satisfie him two houres hence well.

Ex. Mary.

Fran. Now Ick fall reuange, hay, begar me sal ratar de whole
generation, mine brame worke is,
Frevide, is dead, Malheureux fall hang,
And mine riuall *Beatrice*, Ick fall make run madde.

Enter Mary fough.

Mary. Hees gone forsooth to get a cawdle of Cock-stones, &
will retorne within this two houres.

Fran. Verie wel, giue monis to some fellows to squite me, Ick sal
go abroad.

Mary. Thers a lustie *Brava* beneath, a stranger, but a good stale
Rascall: he sweates valiantlie, kicks a Bawd right vertuously, and
protestes with an emptie pocker right desperately,
Heele squier you.

Fra. Very welcom, mine fan, Ick fall retorne presantly, now sal
me be reuange ten tousand deula, der fall be no got
in me but passion, no tought but rage, no mercie but bloud,
no spirit but Diula in me,
Dere sal noting tought good for me,
But dat is mischicuous for others.

Ex. Fran.
Enter

THE FIRST PART

Enter Sir Hubert, Sir Lys, Beatrice, Crispinella, and Nurse.

Tisselen following.

Sir Ly. Did no one see him since? pray God, nay all is well,
A little heat, what he is but withdrawne? and yet I would to God,
But feare you nothing.

Beat. Pray God that all be well or would I were not.

Tys. Hees not to be found Sir any where.

Sir Ly. You must not make a heavy face prelage an ill event:
I like your Sister well, shees quick and lively: would she would
marry forth.

Crisp. Many may so I would marry: methinks an old mans a comely
thing.

Sir Ly. Hagarre and so be it.

Crisp. You are a Widower.

Sir Ly. Thank an I faith, fair Crisp, and I can tell you, would
you affect me, I have it in me yet I faith.

Crisp. Troth I am in loue, let me see your hand: would you call
your selfe away vpon me willingly?

Sir Ly. Will I: I by the

Crisp. Woulde you be a Cocke would willingly? By my troth tis a
comely, fine, and handsome sight, for one of my yeeres so many
an ill man, trush tis a restorative, what a comfortable thinge it is
to thinke of her husband, to hear his venerable cough, a the ever-
lasting, no teele his rough downe, his summer bander, and winter
legges, his almoste no eyes, and assuredly no teeth, and then to
thinke what he must dreame of, when he considers others hap-
pines and her owne want: tis a worthy and notorious comforta-
ble mitch.

Sir Ly. Pish, pish, will you haue me?

Crisp. Will you assure me?

Sir Ly. Five hundred pound ioynture.

Crisp. That you will die within this fortnight.

Sir Ly. No, by my faith Crisp.

Crisp. Then Crisp. by her faith assures you theele haue none of

you.

Enter Freddis disguised like a pander and Francisina.

Fre. Beere leaue Gentles and men of nightcaps, I would I speak,

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THE SOUTHERN WORKMAN

But that here stands one is able to explain her own tale best.

Fra. Sir mine speech is to you, you had a foine man in the vile.

Sp L7. Had ha, and haud. *trilob. m. sp. T*

Frans. No, no, no, he came to assure you that he did it. Mal-
heureux hath killed him.

Beat. O me, wretched, wretched.

See Hub. Look to our children.

Sp. L. How art thou improved? answered he, I have not been so

Fran. If dar it please you to go vid me, Iek all bring you where you fall hear Main turen vid his owse lips confole in and dare vi

may apprehend him and reuenge your and mine loues bloods,

Sw. Hiss. Your letter of the 11th inst. was received. Yours truly,
J. Edgar Hoover

Fred. He was to fit, let your daughter hear it: do not spoil her

dy, de yong man dai be flame diu nio? *How long will it take*

more than 100 times more deadly than Y.

Best. On my part I will love you the better, because I have what

by all God's O'pasion, O my grief which you will best thank

Only Truth I am in love, let me be your hand, and consume?

Ox. Peace.

Dear Drac who cannot speak () why I'll write

For looke you Ladie as you ring he gaub her ydionoff

Project at your local library.

1989, he did not ill, not to lose me, but sure he did not will as

1994-95: Gentle murder will come, though they do not know it

...the

Not too ambitious of to become an independent business.

But you see, it was joy enough for me poor little that only this

might only love him.

Prov. O but to be abused, scorned, scoff at, O ten thousand times

by such a one, and unto such a one.

Bro. I think you said not true after, shall we know once the

her in the other world?

Crip What means my filter?

3200 I would faine see him againe: O my tortured mind,

revile is more then dead, he is unkinde.

Exit Boat, and Crisp. and Nurse.

She'll be coming in, and look at you and

...a strong watch.

Sir Ljo.

THE DUTCH CORTIZAN.

Sir Ly. I sir, and so passe along with this same common woman,
you must make it good.

Fr. Ick fall, or let me pay for his, mine bloud.

Sir Hu. Come then along all, with quiet speed.

Sir Ly. O Fate?

Tyff. O sir, be wisely sorrie, but not passionare.

Exit:

Manet Breuille.

Fre. I will goe and reueale my selfe : staie : no, no,
Graefe endeeres Loue : Heauen to haue such a wife
Is happinesse, to breed pale enuy in the saintes.
Thou worthy Doue-like virgin without gall,
Cannot (that womans euill) lealoufie,
Despight disgrace, nay which is worst, contempt
Once stirre thy faith. O Truch, how few sisters hast thou?
Deere memorie, with what a suffering sweetnesse, quiet modesty,
Yet deepe affection she receiu'd my death,
And then with what a patient, yet oppressed kindnesse
She tooke my leudlie intimated wrongs. O the dearest of heauen?
Were there but three such women in the world, two
Might be laued.

Well, I am great with expectation to what deuilish end

This woman of foule soule will driue her plots:

But prouidence all wicked art ore-tops.

" and Impudence must know (tho stiffe as Ice,)

" That fortune doth not alway dote on Vice.

Exit.

*Enter sir Hubers, sir Lyonell, Tyffesue, Franch. and
three with Halberds.*

Sir Hub. Plant a watch there, be verie carefull Sirs, the
rest with vs.

Tyff. The heauy night growes to her depth of q. et,
Tis about mid darkenesse.

Fr. Mine shambre is hard by, Ick fall bring you to it
presantment.

Sir Ly. Deepe silence. On *Cocke. within Wa, ha, ho, Ex.*

Enter Mulligrub.

Mul. It was his voice, tis he : he suppes with his cupping glas-
Tea. Tis late, he must passe this waie : Ile ha him, Ile ha my fine
boy,

THE DYTCH CVRTEZAN.

boy, my worshipfull Cocledemoy, Ile moy him, he shall be hangd in lowse linnen, Ile hire some sectary to make him an hereticke before he die? And when he is dead Ile pisse on his graue.

Enter Cocledemoy.

Cocl. Ah my fine puncks, good night, Franke, fraillie, fraile a Fraile-Hall? *Bonus noches my ubiquitous.*

Mul. Ware polling and shauing Sir.

Cocle. A Wolfe, a wolfe, a wolfe,

Exit. Cocledemoy

Leaving his cloke behind him.

Mul. Heers something yet, a Cloke, a cloke, yet Ile after, he cannot scape the watch, Ile hang him if I haue any mercy, Ile slice him.

Exit.

Enter Cocledemoy

Const. Who goes there? come before the Constable.

Cocle. Bread a God Constable, you are a Watch for the deuill, Honest men are robd vnder your nose, thers a false knaue in the habit of a Vintner, set vpon me, he would haue had my purse, But I tooke me to my heeles: yet he got my Cloke, a plaine stufte cloke poore, yet twill serue to hang him? Tis my losse, poor man that I am.

Enter Mulligrub running with Cocledemoys cloke.

2. Maisters, we must Watch better, its not strange that knaues, Drunkerds, and theeues, should be a brode, and yet we of the Watth, Scriueners, smithes, and Taylors, neuer stir.

2. Harke, who goes there?

Mul. An honest man and a Cittiezen.

2. Appeare, appeare, what are you?

Mul. A simple Vintner.

1. A Vintner ha, and simple, draw neerer, neerer: heers the Cloke.

2 I Maister Vintner we know you, a plaine stufte cloke: tis it.

1 Right, come: Oh thou varlet, dost not thou know that the Wicked cannot scape the eyes of the Constable?

Mul. What meanes this violence, as I am an honest man I tooke the cloke.

1. As you are a knaue, you tooke the cloke, we are your winneses for that.

Mul.

THE DUTCH CORTIZAN

Mul. But heare me, heare me, I tell you what I am

2. A theefe you are.

Mul. I tell you my name is *Mullegrub*.

1. I will grubbe you, In with him to the stockes, there let him sit till to morrow morning that Iustice Quodlibet may examine him.

Mul. Why but I tell thee.

2. Why but I tel thee, wee tell thee now.

Mul. Am I not mad, am I not an asse,

Why scabs, Gods foot: let me out.

2. I, I, let him praye, he shall find matter in vs scabs I warrant: Gods-so, what good members of the common wealth, doe wee proue.

1. Prethee peace, lets remember our duties, and let go sleepe, in the feare of God. *Exeunt.*

Haunting left Mullegrub in the stockes.

Mul. Who goes there: Illo, ho, ho: zounds shall I run mad, Loose my wits: shall I be hangd, hark: who goes there? Do not feare to be poore *Mullegrub*, Thou hast a sure stocke now.

Enter Coledemo like a Belman,

Coled. The night growes old,

And many a cockould is now *Wha, ha, ha, ho,*

Maids on their backs,

Dreame of sweet smacks, and warme: *Wo, ho, ho, ho,*

I must go comfort my venerable *Mullegrub*, I must

Fiddle him till he fyft: fough:

Maides in your Night-railes,

Looke well to your light: (-)

Keepe close your lockes,

and downe your smocks,

Keepe a brode eie

And a close thigh, excellent, excellent, whose there?

Now Lord, Lord, (maister *Mullegrub*) deliuer vs: what does your Worship in the stockes? I pray come out Sir.

Mul. Zounds man I tell thee I am lockt.

Coled. Lockt: O world: O men: O time: o night: that canst not

THE DUTCH CORTIZAN.

Discerne ~~verue~~, and wisdom, and one of the common Counsel:
What is your Worship in for?

Mul. For (a plague on't) suspicion of Fellonie.

Cocle. Nay, and it be but such a trifle, Lord I could weep, to see your good Worship in this taking: your Worshipp has beene a good friend to me, and tho you haue forgot me, yet I knewe your wife before she was married, and since I haue found your Worsh. dore open and I haue knockt, and God knows what I haue saued: and doe I liue to see your Worship stockt?

Mal. Honest Belman, I perceiue thou knowst me, I prethe call the Watch. Informe the Constable of my reputation, That I may no longer abide in this shamefull habitation, And hold thee, all I haue about me.

Gives him his purse.

Cocle. Tis more then I deserue sir: Let me alone for your Deliuerie.

Mul. Doe, and then let me alone with Cockledemoy, Ile moy him.

Cocle. Maids in your: Maister Constable, whose that it stocks?

1. One for a robberie: one Mullegrub, he calls himselfe.

Mullegrub? Bel-man, knowst thou him?

Cocle. Know him: O maister Const. what good seruice haue you done. Know him? Hees a strong theefe, his house has beene suspected for a bawdie Tauerne a great while: and a receipt for Cut-purses, tis most certaine: He has beene long in the blacke booke, and is he tane now?

2. Berlady my maisters weele not trust the stocks with him, Weele haue him to the Iustices, get a *Mittimus* to Newgate presentlie. Come sir, come on sir.

Mul. Ha: does your Rascallship yet know my Worship In the end?

1. I, the end of your Worship we know.

Mul. Ha, goodman Coustable, heeres an honest fellow can tell you what I am?

2. Tis true sir, yare a strong theefe hee saies on his owne knowledge: Binde fast, binde fast, we know you: Weele trust no Stocks with you. Awaie with him to the Iayle instantlie.

Mul. Why but dost heare Bel-man, Rogue, Rascall, Gods

whie

THE DUTCH CORTIZAN.

Whie but? *The constable drags awaie mulligrub.*

Cocle. Whie but; wha ha ha, excellent, excellent, ha my fine Cocledemoy; my Vintner fistes, Ile make him fart crackers before I ha done with him; to morrow is the daie of Iudgment.

Afore the Lord God my knauerie growes vnperregall,

Tis time to take a nap, vntill halfe an houre hence;

God giue your Worship Musicke, content, and rest.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus quartus

Actus Quintus, Scena prima.

*Enter Franchischina, sir Lyonel, Tiffeseu,
with Officers.*

Fran. You bin verie velcom to mine shambra.

for Lyo. But how knowe ye, howare ye assurde Both of the deed, and of his lute returne.

Fran. O Myn-here. Ick fall tell you, metre *Malhereux* Came all brettelesse running a my shambra His sword all bloudie: he tel a me he had kil *Frevile*, And pred a me to conceale him: Ick flatter him, bid bring monies, he should liue and lie vid me, He went whilst Ick (me hope vidout sins) out of mine Mush loue to *Frevile* betraie him.

Sir Lyo. Feare not, tis well: good works get grace for sin.

She conceales them behinde the curtaine.

Fran. Dere, peace, rest dere, so sofdie, all goe in: De net is laie, now sal Ick be reuenge. If dat me knew a dog dat *Frevile* loue, Me would puillon him, for know de deepest hell As a reuenging Womans, naught so fell.

Enter Mary fough.

mary. Ho Cosen Francke, the partie you wot of, *M. Malhereux*.

Fran. Bid him come vp, I prede.

Cantat saluati, cum cithera.

Enter malhereux.

Fran. Omin here man, a dere liuer Loue, Mine ten thousand times velcom Loue,

THE DUTCH CORTIZAN.

Ha, by mine trat, you bin de iust, vat fall me saie :
Vat seet honie name fall I call you?

Mal. Anie from you is pleasure. Come my louing
Prettinesse, wheres thie Chamber?
I long to touch your sheetes.

Fran. No, no, not yet mine feetest soft-lipped loue :
You fall not gulp downe all delights at once :
Be min trat, dis all-fles-Louers, dis rauinous Wenches
Dat fallow all downe hole, vill haue all at one bit,
Fie, fie, fie, be min fait dey do cate
Comfets, vid spoones.
No, no, Ile make you chew your pleasure vit loue,
“De more degrees and steps, de more delight;
“De more endeed is de pleasure hight.

Mal. What your a lerned wanton, and proceed by art?

Fran. Go little vag, pleasure should haue a
Cranes long necke, to relish de Ambrosia of
Delight.

And Ick pre de tel me, for me loues to heare of manhood
Verie mush, Ifait : Ick prede (vat vas me a saie)
Oh, Ick prede tell a me :
How did you killa metre *Frevile*?

Mal. Why quareld a set purpose, drew him out,
Singled him, and hauing th'advantage of my sword
and might, ran him through and through.

Fran. Vat did you vid him van he was sticken?

Mal. I dragd him by the heeles to the next wharffe
and spurnd him in the Riuer.

Those in ambush rusheth forth and takes him.

Sir Lyo. Seize, seize him : O monstrous ? O ruthlesse
Villaine?

Mal. What meane you Gentlemen ? by heauen,

Tys. Speake not of anie thing thats good.

Mal. Your errors giues you passion : *Frevile* liues.

Sir Lyo. Thie own lips saie, thou liest.

Mal. Let me die if at Sharewes the Jeweller, he liues
not safe vntoucht.

Tys. Meane time to strickest guard, to sharpest prison.

Mal.

THE DUTCH CORTIZAN.

Mal. No rudenesse Gentlemen: Ile go vndragd.
O wicked, wicked Dinell.

Exit.

Sir Lyo. Sir, the daie of triall is this morn,
Lies prosecute the sharpest rigor, and severest end:
"Good men are cruell, when the are vices friend.

Sir Hub. Woman we thanke thee, with no emptie hand,
Strumpets are fit, fit for som-thing. *Farewell.*

All sane Frevile departs.

Fre. I. for Hell: O thou vnrepuable, beyond all
Measure of Grace dambd immediatlie:
That things of beautie created for sweet vse:
Soft comfort, and as the verie musicke of life,
Custome should make so vnutterable hellish?
O heauen: what difference is in women, and their life?
What man, but worthie name of Man:
Would leaue the modest pleasures of a lawfull bed:
The holie vnion of two equall harts
Mutuallie holding either deere as health,
The vndoubted yssues, loyes of chaste sheetes,
The vnfained imbrace of sober Ignorance:
To twine the vnhealthfull loynes of common Loue,
The prostituted impudence of things.
Sencelesse like those by Cataracks of Nyle,
" Their vse so vile, takes awaie sence how vile,
" To loue a creature, made of bloud and hell,
" Whose vse makes weake, whole companie doth shame,
" Whose bed doth begger: yssue doth defame.

Enter Francischina.

Fran. Metre Frevile liue: ha, ha, liue at mestie Shatewes:
Mush at metre Shatewes. Frevile is dead. *Malherenx* fall hang,
And swete duell, dat *Beatrice* would but run mad, dat
she would but run mad, den me would dance and sing,
Metre Don Dabon, me pre ye now go to Mestres
Beatrice, tel her Frevile is sure ded, and dat he
Cuisse hir selfe especiallie, for dat he was
Sticked in hir quarrell, twering in his last gaspe,
Dat if it had bin in mine quarrels,
Twould neuer haue greued him.

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Twill.

THE DUTCH CORTIZAN

Fre. I will.

Fran. Prede do, and saie anie ting dat vil vex her.

Fre. Let me alone to vex her.

Fran. Vil you, vil you mak a her run mad? here take
Dis ring, sea me scorne to wear anie ting dat washers,
Or his: I prede torment her, Ick cannot loue her,
She honest and vertuous forsooth.

Fre. Is she so? O vile creature? then let me alone with her.

Fran. Vat. Vil you mak a her mad? seet by min trat,
Be pretta seruau, Bush, Ick fall go to bet now.

Fre. Mischiefe whether wilt thou? O thou tear-lesse woman?
How monstrous is thy Deuill,
The end of Hell as thee.

How miserable were it to be vertuous, if thou couldst prosper?

Ile to my Loue, the faithfull *Beatrice*,

She has wept enough, and faith deere soule too much.

But yet how sweet it is to thinke

How deere ones life was to his Loue: how moornd his death.

Tis Ioy not to be exprest with breath:

But O let him that would such passion drinke,

Be quiet of his speech, and onlie thinke. *Exit.*

Enter Beatrice and Crispinella.

Bet. Sister, cannot a woman kill her selfe? Is it not lawfull to
die when we should not liue?

Crisp. O sister tis a question not for vs, we must do what God
will.

Beat. What God will? Alasse, can torment be his glorie, or our
greefe his pleasure? Does not the Nurces nipple iuc'd ouer with
Wormwood, bid the childe it shoulde not sucke? And does not
Heauen when it hath made our breath bitter vnto vs, say we shud
not liue? O my best sister: to suffer wounds when one may scape
this rod, is against nature, that is against God.

Crisp. Good sister do not make me weep: sure *Freuile* was not
false: Ile gage my life that strumpet out of craft
And some close second end hath malist him.

Beat. O sister if he were not false, whom haue I lost?
If he were: what griefe to such vnkindnesse,
From head to foote I am all myserie:

Only

THE DUTCH CURTIZAN

Onely in this, some iustice I haue found
My griefe is like my loue, beyond all bound.

Nurse. My seruant, maister Cacature desires to visite you.

Crisp. For griefes sake keepe him out, his discourse is like the
long word, *Honorificabilitudinitatibus*: a great deale

Of sound and no sence: his companie is like a parenthesis.

To a discourse you may admi it, or leaue it out, it makes no matter.

Enter Erech in his discomfite.

Fre. By your leave sweet creature.

Crisp. Sir, all I can yet say of you, is, you are vnicill.

Fre. You must denie it: By your sorrowes leaue,
I bring some musicke, to make sweet your griefe.

Beat. What ere you please: O breake my hart
Canst thou yet part? O dost thou yet suruiue,
Thou didst not loue him, if thou now canst liue.

He sings, she sounds.

O Loue, how strangely sweet

are thy weak Passions,

That loue and ioy should meet

in selfe same fashions.

O who can tell

the cause why this should moue?

But onely this,

no reason, aske of Loue.

Crisp. Hold, peace, the gentlest soules is sound, O my best sister.

Fre. Ha, get you gone, close the dores: My *Beatrice*,

Discovers himselfe.

Curst be my indiscreet triall: O my immeasurable louing.

Crisp. She stirs, giue aire, she breathes.

Beat. Where am I, ha? how haue I slip't off life?

Am I in heauen? O my Lord, though not louing

By our eternall being, yet giue me leaue

To rest by this dear side: am I not in heauen?

Fre. O eternallie much laued, recollect your spirits.

Beat. Ha, you do speake, I do see you, I do liue,

I would not die now: Let me not burst with wonder.

Fre. Call vp your bloode, I liue to honor you,

As the admired glorie of your sex.

H Nor

THE DITCH CYRTEZAN

Nor euer hath my loue bin false to you,
 Onely I presum'd to try your faith too much,
 For which I most am greued.

Cris. Brother, I must be plaine with you, you haue wrong'd vs.
 I am not so Couctous to deny it,
 But yet when my discourse hath staide your quaking,
 You will be smother lip, and the delight
 And satisfaction which we all haue got,
 Vnder these strange disguisings, when you know,
 You will be milde and quiet, forget at last,
 "It is much ioy to thinke on sorrowes past."

Beat. Do you then liue? and are you not entrued?
 Let me not die with ioy, pleasure more extreme,
 Then greefe, thers nothing sweet to man but meane.

Fre. Heauen cannot be too gracious to such goodnesse, I shall
 discourse to you the seuerall chances, but harke I must yet rest dis-
 guisd, the sudden close of many drifts now meet, IO

"Where pleasure hath some profit, art is sweet." *Enter Tisefeu.*

Tys. Newes, newes, newes, newes.

Cris. Oysters, Oysters, oysters, oysters.

Tys. Why, is not this well now? Is not this better then louing,
 and pouting, and puling, which is hatefull to the liuing, and vaine
 to the dead? Come, come, you must liue by the quicke, when all
 is done, and for my owne part, let my wife laugh at me when I am
 dead, so shee smile vpon me whilst I liue, but to see a woman
 Whine, and yet keepe her eyes drye, mourne, and yet keepe her
 cheekes fat: nay, to see a woman claw her husbande by the fecte
 when he is dead, that would haue scratcht him by the face when
 he was liuing: this now is somewhat ridiculous.

Cris. Lord how you prate.

Tys. And yet I was afraide ifaith that I shoulde ha scene a Gar-
 land on this beauties herse, but time, truth, experience, and varie-
 tie, are great doers with women.

Cris. But what the newes? the newes I pray you?

Tys. I pray you? nere pray me: for by your leaue you may com-
 mand me. This tis: the publique sessions which this day is past,
 hath doom'd to death ill fortun'd Malheroux.

Cris. But sir, we heard he offerd to make good,
 That Freuile liu'd at Shatew, the Jewellers. *Beat.*

THE DUTCH CORTIZAN.

Bea. And that twas but a plot betwixt them two.

Tys. O I, I, he gaged his life with it, but know
When all approcht the test, Shatews denide
He saw or heard of any such complot,
Or of Frewill: so that his owne defence,
Appeard so false, that like a madmans sword,
He stroke his owne hart, he hath the couple of law
and instantly must suffer: but the Iest
(If hanging be a iest) as many make it)
Is to take notice of one Mullegrub, a sharking vintner.

Fre. What of him Sir.

Tys. Nothing but hanging, the Whoresone slaue is mad before
he hath lost his senses.

Fre. Was his fact cleere and made aparant Sir?

Tys. No faich suspicions, for twas thus protested
a cloke was stolne, that cloke he had, he had it
Himselfe confest by force, the rest of his defence
The choller of a Iustice wrongd in wine,
Ioynd with malignance of some hastie Iurors,
Whose wit was lighted by the Iustice nose, The knaue was cast,
But Lord to heare his mone, his prayers, his wishes,
His zeal ill timde, and his words vn pittied,
Would make a dead man rise and smile,
Whilst he obserued how feare can make men vile.

Cris. Shall we go meet the execution?

Bea. I shall be rulde by you.

Tys. By my troth a rare motion, you must hast,
For male-factors goes like the world vpon wheelles.

Bea. Will you man vs, you shall be our guide to Freuile.

Fre. I am your seruant.

Tys. Ha seruant? Zounds I am no companion for Pandors, your
best make him your loue.

Bea. So will I Sir, we must liue by the quicke you say.

Tys. Sdeath a vertue, what a damnd things this?

Whole trust faire faces, teares, and vowes, Sdeath not I,
She is a woman, that is, she can ly.

Cris. Come, come, turne not a man of time, to make a ill,
Whose goodnesse you conceiue not, since the worst of chance
Is to craue grace for bodilesse ignomies.

THE DUTCH CORTIZAN.

Enter Cockledemoy like a Sergeant.

Cocl. So, I ha lost my Sergeant in an ecliptique mist, drunke, horrible drunke, he is fine: so now will I fit my selfe, I hope this habit will do me no harme, I am an honest man already: fit, fit, fit as a puncks taile, that serues euery body: By this time my Vintner thinkes of nothing but hel and sulphur, he farts fire and brimstone already, hang tostes, the execution approacheth.

Enter Sir Lyonell: Sir Hubert, Malberoux piniond, Tysefeu, Beatrice, Freuile, Crisp. Francischina, and Holberds.

Mal. I do not blush, although condemn'd by lawes,
No kind of death is shamefull but the cause:
Which I do know is none, and yet my lust
Hath made the one (although not cause) most iust.
May I not be reprim'd? Freuile is but mislodgd,
Some lethargie hath seazd him, no, much mallice,
Do not lay bloud vpon your soules with good intents,
Men may do ill and law sometime repents.

Cockledemoy picks Malberouxes pocket of his purse.

Sir Lyo. Sir, sir, prepare, vaine is all lewd defence.

Mal. "Conscience was law: but now lawes Conscience,
My endles peace is made, and to the poore,
My purse, my purse.

Cocle. I Sir, and it shall please you the poore has your purse al-

Mal. You are a Welyman,
But now thou sourse of Devils, Oh how I lothe
The very memory of that I adorde,
He thats of faire bloud, well meand, of good breeding,
Best fam'd, of sweet acquaintance and true friends,
And would with desperate Impudence loose all these,
And hazard landing at this satall shore,
Let him nere kill, nor steale, but loue a Whore.

Fran. De man dose raue, tnick a got, tnick a got, and bid de
flesh, de world, and the dible farewell.

Mal. Farewell.

Freuile discovers himselfe.

Fre. Farewell.

Fran. V at ist you sea, ha!

Fre. Sir your pardon, with my this defence,

Do not forget protested violence
Of your low affections no requests,
No arguments of reason, no known danger.

THE DITCH CORTIZAN

No assured wicked bloodines,
Could draw your hart from this damnation.

Mal. Why staie.

Fran. Vnprosperous Diuell, vat fall me do now.

Fre. Therefore to force you from the truer danger,
I wrought the fained, suffering this faire Deuil,
In shaps of woman to make good her plor,
And knowing that the hooke was deeply fast,
I gaue her line at will, till with her owne vaine striuings,
Sec here shees tired; O thou comely damnation?
Doeft think that vice is not to be withstood,
O what is woman meere made of blond.

Sir Ly. You maze vs all, let vs not be lost in darkenesse?

Fre. All shall be lighted, but this time and place
Forbids longer speech, onlie what you can thinke
Has bin extreame lie all, is onlie hers.

Sir Ly. To seuerest prison with her, with what hart canst liue?
What eies behold a face?

Fran. Ick wil not speake, torture, torture your fill,
For me am worse then hangd, me ha lost my will.

Franciscina with the guara.

Sir Ly. To the extreamest whip and laile.

Fre. Frolique, how is it Sirs?

Mal. I am my selfe, how long wast ere I could
Perswade my passion to grow calme to you?
Rich sence makes good bad language, and a friend
Should waigh no action, but the actions end.
I am now worthie yours, when before
The beast of man, loose bloud distemperd vs,
He that lust rules cannot be vertuous.

Enter Mallegrib mistris Mallegrib and officers.

Offi. On afore here, roome for the prisoners?

Mal. I praie you do not lead me to execution through cheape-
side, I owe M. Burnish the gold-smith monie, and I feare heele
set a Seriant on my backe for it.

Coc. Trouble not your skonce my Christian Brothers, but haue
an eie vnto the maine chance, I will warrant your shouldiers, as
for your necke *Plinius secundus*, or *marcus Tullius Cyera*, or some-
bodie it is saies, that a three fould corde is hardlie broken.

THE DUTCH CORTIZAN

Mul. Wel, I am not the first honest man that hath bin cast away, and I hope shall not be the last.

Cocle. O sir, haue a good stomach and mawes, you shall haue a ioyfull supper.

Mul. In troth I haue no stomach to it, and it please you take my trencher, I vse to fast at nights.

mistris mul. O husband, I little thought you should haue come to think on God thus soon: nay and you had bin hangd deseruedly, it would neuer haue greued me, I haue known of many honest innocent men haue bin hangd deseruedly, but to be cast away for nothing.

Cocle. Good woman hold your peace, your prittles & your prattles, your bibbles and your babbles, for I pray you heare mee in priuate, I am a widdower, and you are almost a widdow, shall I be welcom to your houses, to your tables, and your other things.

mistris mul. I haue a peece of mutton and a featherbed for you at all times, I pray make hast.

Mul. I do here make my confesion, if I owe anie man anie thing, I do hartlie forgieue him: if any man owe me anie thing, let him paie my wife.

Cocle. I will looke to your wines payment I warrant you.

Mul. And now good yoke-fellow leaue thy poor *mulligrub.*

mistris mul. Naie then I were vnkind ysaith, I will not leaue you vntill I haue seene you hang.

Cocle. But brothers, brothers, you must thinke of your sins and iniquities, you haue bin a brocher of prophane vessels, you haue made vs drinke of the iuice of the whore of *Babylon*, for whereas good ale, *Perrys*, *Brageys*, *Syders*, and *metheglins*, was the true auncient *British* and *Trojan* drinks, you ha brought in *Popish* wines, *Spanish* wines, *French* wines, *tam marti quam mercurio*, both *muscadine* and *malmsey*, to the subuersion, staggering, and sometimes overthrow of manie a good Christian: You ha bin a great Jumbler, O remember the sins of your nights, for your night works ha bin vsauorie in the tast of your Customers.

mul. I confesse, I confesse, and I forgieue as I would be forgieue, Do you know one *Cocledemoy*?

Cocle. O verie wel: know him? an honest man he is and a comely, an vpright dealer with his neighbours, and their wiues speake good things of him.

THE DUTCH CORTIZAN.

mul. Wel, wherfoere he is, or whatfoere he is, Ile take it on my death hees the cause of my hanging, I hartily forgiue him, and if he would come forth he might saue me, for he only knowes the why, and the wherefore.

Cocle. You do from your harts, and midrifs, and intrales forgiue him then, you wil not let him rot in rusty Irons, procure him to be hangd in lowfie linnen without a long, and after he is dead pisse on his graue. *mul.* That hard hart of mine has procurd all this, but I forgiue as I would be forgiuen.

Col. Hang tofts my Worsh. *multi.* behold thy Cocledemoy, my fine vintner, my castrophomicall fine boy: behold and see.

Tyff. Blisse, a the blessed, who would but look for 2. knaues here?

Cocl. No knaue worsh. friend, no knaue, for obserue honest *Cocledemoy* restores whatsoeuer he has got, to make you know, that whatfoere he has don, has bin only *Euphonia gratia*, for Wits sake: I acquit this Vintner as he has acquitted me, all has bin done for *Emphises* of wit my fine boie, my worshipfull friends.

Tyff. Goe you are a flattering knaue.

Cocl. I am so, tis a good thriuing trade, it coms forward better then the 7. liberal Sciences, or the nine cardinall vertues, whiche may well appeare in this, you shall neuer haue *flattering* knaue turn *courtier*: and yet I haue read of many Courtiers that haue turned flattering knaues.

Sir Hub. Wast euen but so, why then als well?

mul. I could euen weepe for ioy.

myst. mul. I could weep to, but God knowes for whar.

Tyff. Hers another tack to be giuen, your son and daughter.

Sir Hub. Ist possible, hart I, al my hart, wil you be ioyned here?

Tyff. yes faith father, mariage and hanging are spun both in one houre.

Cocle. Why then my worsh. good friends I bid my selfe most hartily welcome to your merry nuptials, and wanton *Zigga-ioggies* And now my verie fine *Heliconian* Gallantes, and you my Worsh. friends in the middle Region:

If with content our hurtlesse mirth hath bin,
Let your pleasd minds as our much care hath bin:

For he shall find that flights such triuiall wit,

Tis easier to reprove then better it:

We scorne to feare, and yet we feare to swell, *144*

We do not hope tis best: tis all, if Well. *Exeunt.*

F.F.F.F.